NEW YORK MIRROR

A REFLEX OF THE DRAMATIC EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

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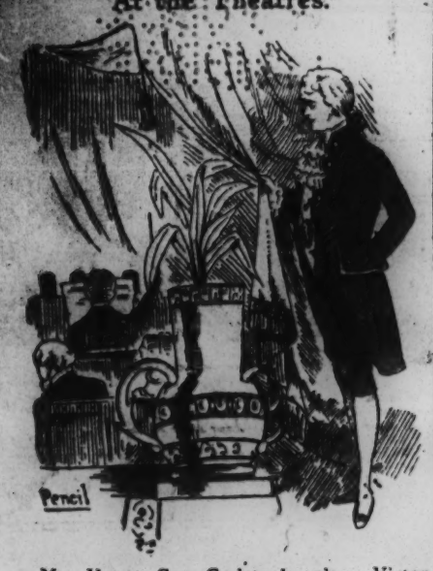
FANNY DAVENPORT AS FEDORA—THE DEATH SCENE.

At the Theatres.



Mr. Henry Guy Carleton's play, Victor Durand, is a success, and it will hold the boards at Wallack's Theatre for several weeks. At the first performauce last Thursday evening expectation ran high—and expectation was not disappointed. The plot is treated with originality, vigor and skill. The dialogue is terse and dramatic. The element of suspense is nicely utilized. The comedy passages are weak. Mr. Carleton has devoted much of his time in late years to writing for a comic journal, so this defect seems somewhat remarkable. However, there is so much fresh, forceful merit about the work in its entirety that this single blemish may be overlooked.

The story of the play possesses strong dramatic interest. A Frenchman named Favart has married a young American girl. The wife notices that her husband does not care to participate in social gayeties; that he is averse to going out and dislikes to accompany her anywhere. Mme. Favart, although a virtuous woman, is persecuted with the attentions of the Baron de Mersac. The latter discovers in Favart a convict who has escaped from the galleys, and eages to secure the wife's affections, he denounces him and causes his arrest by Government detectives. The crime for which Favart was sentenced is the attempted murder of a man in a railway carriage. The victim of the assault appears on the scene, and he recognizes the escaped prisoner as the person who rode with him in the compartment on the night of the attack. The husband is permitted to remain over night in his own house under serveillance, and he has an affecting interview with his wife, wherein he asserts his innocence, though admitting that he is the person who had been sent for life to the galleys. But she believes him to be guilty. He loses heart and announces his intention of trying to escape in the hope that the guards will shoot him down. This determination causes the wife to change her opinion; she frustrates his plan and assures him of her faith in his story. Next day Favart is about to be removed to prison, when by an accident his vindication is obtained. An American of the dude *genus* remembers that he has picked up a certain pocketbook in the compartment of a railway carriage en route from Monaco to Paris on the date of the attempted murder, The Baron de Mersac entering, claims the article as his own property. But Dean, the subject of the murderous attack, says that it is his—it was taken from his person. Then it is proved that the Baron is the guilty person. He had followed Dean from Monaco, where the latter had won a lot of money in gaming, and had entered the railway carriage, assaulted the sleeping traveler and robbed him. Favart, whose own name is Victor Durand, is thus purged of suspicion and the Baron placed under arrest.

The play is exquisitely acted. Osmond Tearle gives us the best acting he has done since he first came to Wallack's. He is manly, earnest and impassioned. John Gilbert's John Vaughn is full of excellent quality. Lewis Morrison, who assumed the part of the Baron with little more than a day's notice, presents a finished characterization. J. C. Buckstone is quite nice as the dude, Septumus Tubbs. Dan Leeson does a clever character bit—an Italian organ-grinder. Rose Coghlan is capital as the wife, and Miss Measor is playfully ingenuous as her sister, Violet. The two sets are sumptuous specimens of scenic art.

* * *

High prices and and inclement weather were probably the main reasons for the light attendance at Madame Ristori's first appearance at the Star Theatre on Monday night. Ristori during her dozen years absence from this country has grown very old. She pronounces English very well, but her power and electrifying energy are things of the part. She acted the role of Elizabeth in Giacomette's dreamy play of that name with all the effect that an artistic method could produce but want of fire robbed the impersonation of weight and interest. Ristori should have rested content with the fame she won in her prime. Mrs. Augusta Foster as Lady Sarah, Edmund Tearle as the Earl of Essex, John A. Lane as Lord Howard and G. H. Leonard as the Spanish Ambassador gave the star excellent support. The scenery and dresses were above the average grade to which we are accustomed. The latter part of the week will be given over to Mary Stuart.

* * *

Frivolity is an amusing entertainment in which the six Leopold Brothers distinguish themselves by some very clever acrobatic business. A fair house witnessed the performance at the Fourteenth Street Theatre on Monday evening. The piece deals with the comic adventures of five students and a French detective. When we say that the Leopolds are as agile and grotesque as the Hanlons, we have exhausted the font of praise. They have a company which supports them adequately in their comic pastimes. Barney McAuley, in The Jerseyman, is to play at this theatre next week.

* * *

An excellent specialty bill is presented this week at Tony Pastor's. It includes Kitty O'Neill, Lizzie Richmond, W. T. Bryant, Myra Goodwin, and other clever variety artists. A dolls' matinee was given Tuesday. Next week there is to be a complete change of programme.

* * *

John T. Raymond began his second week at the Grand Opera House in the comedy In Paradise to a small gathering. On Thursday and during the rest of the week he will be seen as Colonel [illegible]alled Back next week.

* * *

Mr. Mantell, Mr. Ferguson and the rest of the Called Back company enacted Mr. Conway's sombre story before a good audience at the People's on Monday. The play deeply interested the spectators and the acting was much enjoyed.

* * *

Love on Crutches continues its triumphant run at Daly's Theatre. Of all recent comedies it is the most pleasurable. Ingeniously constructed, smartly written, superbly acted and exquisitely placed upon the stage, there is no wonder that it draws crowded houses night after night.

* * *

Aimee is not doing so well as she deserves in Mam'zelle at the Fifth Avenue. Her engagement closes on Saturday night.—Next week Mestayer and his company will appear in We, Us & Co.—An Adamless Eden is drawing fairly at the Comedy.—Brought to Justice will be succeeded by Herne's Hearts of Oak at the Third Avenue next Monday.—Adonis remains popularly successful at the Bijou.—Three Wives has caught the fancy of the town, and the Union Square is well attended.—The Private Secretary shows no abatement in attractiveness at the Madison Square Theatre.—Prince Methusalem is faring prosperously at the Casino.—Koster and Bial have been doing a large business. Their entertainment is always enjoyable.

London Gossip.

LONDON, Dec. 6.

And they called it A Dash for Freedom—a certain dreadful dramatic melange which was produced at the Olympic a week ago at a matinee. Well, whether or no for freedom, it surely was a dash for something, and desperate as the dash was, the effort to secure that something ignominiously failed. If here the audi- should have been tearful, it roared with laughter; where it should have laughed it looked most perplexed, even grieved or sorry. A Miss Glamoyle, whose name sounds strangely like the Garmoyle contestant, did the leading role. However, let me say at once, the Olympic management were in no way to blame for the fiasco. They simply let out their theatre for ambitious actors and actresses to do as they liked in a matinee of a ridiculous play.

The author of the Dash aforesaid, one Roy, may, however, congratulate himself that his is not the only play of late in which pit and gallery have proved to be the critics of absolute power; for even big theatrical names over here are not an invariable guarantee of success. For instance, at the Avenue Theatre pit and gallery, though Mr. Clarke, the comedian, and Mr. Burnand, the author, have long held a front rank in the popular heart; yet the latest creation of author and actor, Just in Time, is voted a failure, and is spoken of as "that unfortunate melodrama at the Avenue." And as I pen these words it is being withdrawn from the boards.

Directly there starts up one of those wiseacres who always knows everything, and he elaborately refutes Mr. Burnaud's claim to being strictly original. He proves that there is another play, the exact fellow to Just in Time in plot, incidents and characters, called The Knights of the Round Table by J. R. Planche, founded on the old French play, Les deux Forcats, and produced at the Haymarket Theatre in May, 1854, the only difference in the Knights being that the scenes were laid in England instead of France, and the characters are English; but these are slight differences, and the plays are practically the same. Now it seems that Mr. Burnand has been heard to say that the lines of Just in Time were suggested to him by J. L. Clarke, who doubtless had the old Haymarket play in his mind. William Farren played in Planche's drama thirty years ago. Did Mr. Farren never notice the resemblance between the two plays? Apropos, I find that this same play was once produced at the elder Wallack's old Broadway Theatre. Besides all this——but there! I'll say "quits," else you will think the piece was done in the ark while those evenings were so cold and long and wet.

But old plays perhaps are like old wine, they improve with age, although no wine-dealer ever puts old wine into new bottles, stirring up the cobwebs and settlings of time pell-mell. Indeed, we have sacred authority for the bad policy of the wine and the bottles; and not to change the subject too rapidly, not to say irreverently, old actors and actresses are cherished in England for what "has been," even more than in America! A very old gentleman said to me the other day, referring to the death of that superb danseuse, Fanny Ellsler (known now only by repute, as it is thirty years since she bade farewell to the stage): "Why, Fanny was no dancer at all compared with her elder sister, Teresa, with whom, as a child, she danced sixty-seven years ago. The father of the girls was a sort of secretary and copyist to the composer, Haydn. The girls set all Vienna mad." Here the old beau rubbed his hands ecstatically. Dear me! the way he spoke of sixty-seven years made me feel sure that he was a twin brother to the centenarian, Sir Moses Montefiore.

"Fanny," he continued, "made her *coup* financially, and she kept a diary, which about fifteen years ago she wisely burned." "And why wisely?" quoth I. The old gentleman, looked at me quizzically, then began to polish his specs on his silk bandana, but he answered me never a word.

Success in life, however, whether it be dancing, acting or singing, is due largely to good luck as well as good management. One person tries and tries and tries, only to fail in the end. Another scarcely tries at all, but being on hand when opportunities are to be had, grasps the hour and the situation, so to speak. A capital illustration of this comes a day or two since from Glasgow, where the Carl Rosa company are singing. Madame Marie Roze was singing in Il Trovatore when the tenor, Mr. Barton McGuckin, was suddenly taken ill and was unable to finish the opera. Of course Madame Roze was in despair, and of course there seemed no way out of it all save to dismiss the audience. At this stage of proceedings a Mr. Wilson came forward from the stalls and volunteered to take the tenor's part and complete the opera. Marie Roze was willing to accept the unexpected offer, and amidst the greatest excitement the opera proceeded, Mr. Wilson acquitting himself admirably. At the end of the opera Madame Marie Roze led him before the curtain to receive the most rapturous applause. There was a man who waited to grasp an opportunity, and it came in a most unusual manner.

Speaking of opportunities, the amateur stage, with all its uselessness, often serves as a good road by which true talent reaches the regular theatre, especially in music. A new contralto has come into notice, and is to sing this season at several of the popular musical entertainments arranged by Lady Folkestone, herself a fine musician. The lady is Mrs. Alfred Caldicott, whose husband is a popular composer of musical comediettas, one of which, Old Knockles, met with recent success at the German Reeds' Drawing-Room Eptertainment. He is also conductor of music at the Albert Palace, Battersea, to which post he has lately been appointed. Mrs. Caldicott would never have been heard of save through the amateur drawing-room channel of entertainments.

Music, especially contraltos, suggests two things to me. First of all, as I write, Marie Jansen is "sailing the ocean blue" to Columbia's shores, to once more resume her truest position, that of a singer in comic opera. Her London friends, while they regret losing her, feel that their loss is her gain, for her talents were thrown away in the Wyndham company. She is a singer, and a very sweet one—not a farce comedian. The next item is that Mrs. Dutton Cook, the critic's widow, who was on a recent yesterday appointed to a fine position in the Guildhall School of Music, is engaged to be married to an elder son of Yates, of the *World*, on which journal her late husband was a most invaluable writer. There is considerable surprise over this in newspaper circles. I think the name of Dutton Cook rather a sacrifice to exchange for another. However, the lady is the best judge.

"What's in a name?" asked the bard. A great deal sometimes, I think. For instance, the name of Dickens is talismanic. Miss Mary Dickens, a grand-daughter of Charles, is not a clever, even passably clever, actress, yet her name carries her, and directly she appears in her part of the Player Queen in Hamlet, there is a little stir and whispering in the audience; opera-glasses are raised, and one is sensible that the people are observing the grand-daughter of the author of "Pickwick," etc. In the January number of the *Cornhill Magazine* there is to be an article upon Charles Dickens, written by his eldest daughter, and entitled "Charles Dickens at Home," which has special reference to his relations with children. I fancy Dr. Fordyce Barker of New York could write agreeably of Dickens, as he was a very intimate friend of his, and in his New York offices there hangs a painting of one of Charles Dickens' rural houses, with the Doctor and the host standing together in a most friendly manner in the vine-embowered porch, and the picture is called "Charles Dickens at Home."

A name is sometimes, however, a great bother if it is the same one of two parties. Last week Florence Terriss, of the Court Theatre, waxed indignant at what she regarded as a piece of gratuitous insolence, and wrote to the press as follows:

SIR—My attention has only just been directed to a paragraph that appeared in a recent issue of the *Era* to the effect that 'Mr. Terriss, of the Lyceum, desires to state that he is in no way connected with the Miss Terriss now appearing at the Court Theatre.' Will you allow me to state through your columns that I consider the assumption, which is conveyed in the paragraph, that any possible good could accrue to me through it being supposed that I am any connection of Mr. Terriss', a gross impertinence, to say the least, more especially as I have a distinct right to my own name; whereas Mr. Terriss has not, his being merely a *nom de theatre*. I am, sir, very faithfully yours,

Court Theatre, Nov. 26. FLORENCE TERRISS.

Mr. Terriss' real name is William Lewin.

I presume Mr. "Romeo" Terriss will rather smart under the above. And that state of feeling reminds me that there is a gentleman over here named Harry Smart, who is meeting with great success as a theatrical agent and manager in the provinces. Several Americans have asked me if he is a twin brother of our New York Harry Smart, also a successful agent. The Henry Smart over here is a great believer in advertising theatrical attractions most thoroughly, and no matter how small the town where he plays his company he employs a numerous following of sandwich men to show his bills to the pedestrian and other public. I hope he will be as generous to them as a certain London actor and manager and journalist is, and has been, for three years. "As how?" you ask. Well, I beg to quote once more in peroration to my hour of garrulous gossiping, a little slip going the London newspaper rounds:

A CHRISTMAS DINNER FOR THE SANDWICH MEN.

Three years ago I made an appeal to the public for funds to provide a dinner for the poor sandwich men who traverse the streets in all weathers. The contributions received enabled me to give a "good square meal" on Christmas Day to 500 men, and there were sufficient surplus funds to purchase 170 second-hand overcoats, which I distributed among the most aged and indigent. A benevolent nobleman has sent me £10, with a request that I will endeavor to repeat the dinner this year, and, if the public will again kindly assist me, I may be able to brighten the coming Christmas Day of 500 poor fellows. The smallest contributions will be useful. HOWARD PAUL.

19 MONTAGUE PLACE, RUSSELL SQUARE.

This unique kindness needs no comment, and I think the sandwich men will echo Dickens' words, from "Tiny Tim"—"God bless us every one." A. W.

Professional Doings.

—The Elks reception was attended by 1,382 people.

—J. W. Scanlan is considering an offer from M. B. Leavitt.

—Eva Barker has joined M. B. Curtis' Spot Cash company.

—Henry E. Abbey's tenancy of the London Lyceum ends next April.

—The Davidson Called Back company left town on Saturday for Chicago.

—Nellie Taylor has left Lizzie May Ulmer's company. She has been ill.

—The Southwest seems to be the most fallow ground for pirated plays.

—Lisetta Ellani is to leave Kruger's Dreams company owing to differences.

—Mary Seers, formerly of the Boston Museum, has joined the Lyceum School.

—Helen Hopekirk, the pianiste, is convalescing from her recent severe illness.

—Edward Clayburgh says in a letter that his success with [illegible] reole is still large.

—Ada a[illegible] eaves will be the stars of Robert G. [illegible]ris' Kindergarten company.

—Alice Oates has re-engaged Sam T. Jack as her manager, and intends making a last bold effort.

—The member of the Leopold family who was hurt by a fall is recovered and at work again.

—Harold Fosberg has left the Pavements of Paris company. Difference with the management.

—Lizzie Webb Cary, a relative of Annie Louise, will shortly appear in concert in New York.

—Patti Rosa's new play by Howard Taylor will be ready for production in about two months.

—Harry Miner has engaged Victoria Morosini for a concert company he is about to send on the road.

—A model of the Lyceum School and all the mechanical appliances has just been deposited at Washington.

—A mortgage for $35,300 has been filed by J. J. Kierst, the builder, upon the Standard Theatre property.

—One hundred dollars a night is the price Koster & Bial pay Vanoni. She declined to sing on week days.

—M. J. Gallagher writes that Off to Egypt will close on Jan. 3 in Williamsburg, and that he will be disengaged.

—Marguerite Davenay, Marie Heimlicher, and Michael Banner were the artists at the Casino concert on Sunday.

—Warren Ashley and Marie Heath have just received an offer from Jennie Kimball, which they intend accepting.

—Blind Tom has broken out in concert spots in the South. 'Twas thought he had been effectually quarantined.

—Edmund M. Holland has replaced Thomas Whiffen at the Madison Square Theatre as the tailor in The Private Secretary.

—Charles Frew will be a joint star with a well-known comedian next season. He is making arrangements to that end.

—Howard Taylor has two plays rapidly advanced toward completion—one for Kate Claxton and another for a soubrette star.

There are twenty-five legitimate theatres in London, supplying the public with comedy, opera, melodrama, farce and tragedy.

—S. Henry Pincus, toward whom Boucicault acted so meanly, has gone to his home in Philadelphia for the holiday season.

—Young Mrs. Winthrop, adapted for the German stage by Herr F. D. Reniau, is in rehearsal at the Residenz Theatre, Berlin.

—J. P. Conyers was engaged last week for Ada Gray's company. Clinton Hall is in the support. Walter Owen declined an offer.

—Annie Debe, an English actress, has left the Gill and Arthur company and begun suit against them for damages for something or other.

—An English manager is negotiating with Maurice Grau for the appearance of Aimee in England. Aimee is having another comedy written.

—After Jan. 12, and for the rest of the season, Tompkins and Hill will play star and combination engagements only at the Boston Theatre.

—Emma Schultz, the wife of Louis Harrison, has retired temporarily from the stage. She will make her re-appearance in Harrison and Gourlay's next new skit.

—The management of the Western Lynwood company, after playing a week in St. Louis, decided that it would be useless to continue the tour further, as companies were disbanding on all sides. The members arrived in New York on Tuesday morning. Salaries were not paid up.

—Charles E. Steinhaur, master of properties in Grau's English Opera company, who died recently in Burlington, Ia., was the son of a Lutheran clergyman in this city. He had been attached to the Casino and was at one time valet to Signor Perugini, with whom he was a great favorite.

—At the last rehearsal of Victor Durand, a little difference arose between Rose Coghlan and Osmond Tearle. The latter resented the dictation of the leading lady and vowed he would have no more of it. As the entire company agreed he was in the right, Miss Coghlan amiably yielded, and the rehearsal concluded satisfactorily.

—Brooks and Dickson state that though other managers complain bitterly of hard times, they are doing a fair business, not making a fortune, and yet not losing money—which is a great thing in these times. Last season they dropped a large sum, and immediately cut down expenses and trimmed their sails to catch the breeze.

—Gilmore's Band had such a poor house in Lynn, Mass., last Friday night, that Patrick ordered his people to pack up and return to the hotel. But Local Manager Rock had a decisive word to say in the matter, and faith was not broken with his public. However, the soloists appeared in street costume and refused to respond to encores.

—On Thursday last Amelia Somerville, of the Bijou Opera House, received a "mash" letter from a gentleman in distant Wyoming, inclosing a cut of the lady's portrait which appeared two weeks ago in THE MIRROR. The lady's husband, Fred. Runnells, in reply, duly forwarded measurements of the height, weight and size of his wife. Doubtless this will dampen the gentleman's ardor.

—Richard Stahl, the composer, is indignant that Manager Wilbur, or any of his company, should have reported that he was detained in New York City by illness. The fact is, he had resigned from the company. Mr. Stahl reports the company very much demoralized. Harry Miner offered to produce Stahl and Marble's new opera, with enlarged orchestra and new scenery, but Susie Kirwin and Manager Wilbur would not consent to it.

—H. S. Taylor detailed to a reporter yesterday his remarkable success as agent for out-of-town managers. He is of the opinion that a great change has taken place in the business of booking time. He says managers are wary and careful, and will have nothing but the best attractions. In his office he displays numerous letters from leading out-of-town people thanking him for his efforts in their behalf.

—Charles L. Ritzmann, the Broadway dealer, has probably the finest collection of photographs in the world. The stock has been carefully selected from all parts of the world,

and [illegible]matically arra[illegible]par-
ticu[illegible] can be produ[illegible]ent.
Mr. [illegible]n's show-win[illegible]the
gre[illegible]ons on Broa[illegible]
age[illegible]ing photograph[illegible]
try [illegible]e.

The Profession an[illegible]

Among the many indirect c[illegible]ve led to a social recognition of [illegible] London writer, must be place[illegible] at those gatherings which a[illegible] homes. When, in our gener[illegible] *olla podrida* first became fashi[illegible] a thoroughly English starchi[illegible] which gave just sufficient of th[illegible] to enable a hostess to invite [illegible] of her acquaintances without risk o[illegible] the *otium cum dignitate* of anyone met, in a crowd as it were, and did long enough to enquire "too curious each other; thus—unless impressed by the individuality of someone not altogether a dead-head, and, consequently, urged out of that social supineness which is supposed to be a never-failing indication of good breeding—people came and went, and barely knew whom they had met. But we must go back just a little—in the first instance, the givers of these at-homes found it necessary to provide some amusement for the throng of guests, who either would not or could not amuse themselves. Hence the actor was called to the rescue, and was engaged to give either a selection of recitations or a musical *melange*. It could hardly be permitted to treat him, when once within the charmed circle, as a wild beast, or a sort of monstrosity—as in fact he was, at the time to which we allude, regarded by his decriers—by "the people of the house," at least, and sometimes one or two others, who had the temerity to risk the social contagion of association with an actor, humanely condescended to take some small notice of the person "engaged" to amuse them. They speedily discovered that he was neither a wild beast nor a monstrosity, that he was a person of more than average intelligence, who could often beat them—the *beau ton*—into the figurative cocked hat upon many of the subjects usually on the *tapis*.

Now, there is one big feather in the cap of good English society; it fully recognizes the aristocracy of knowledge, and, indeed, seems heartily to relish being shown its pace, provided the exhibitor be really modest in his method, as all superior intellect is, until self-assertion becomes a necessity for self-preservation. The actor thus began to impress himself favorably upon the few who dared the derogation of his immediate society, and from this small beginning, an invitation or two for other at-homes, and to other actors gradually got issued, and thus actors—many often than not without it being known that they were such, for the reasons mentioned above—began to move in that society hitherto most ignorantly—we deem it the wisest qualification—closed against them. From this time actors, when gifted with any just pretensions, gradually became a set to be courted instead of ostracised, and at the present moment an actor of good standing is almost lionized in the drawing-rooms of the *elite*.

The change has been very rapidly effected, and there is one very gratifying element in connection with it. It is that the actor has no reason to shirk the facts which have brought about the reaction in his favor. He, on the contrary, can point to them triumphantly, as appertaining solely to his own just appreciation. The only chance element was that which gave him opportunity of proving himself to be fully entitled to social rscognition. And this brings us directly back to our starting-point—at-homes, whence we wish to make a fresh departure. At-homes are now the most general form of social intercourse, and it is not without a certain feeling of pleasure that we find hosts of the junior members of the theatrical profession finding therein quite an elocutionary practice-ground. Reciting is the order of the day, and while we opine that artistes whose positions warrant them in making a stand against private innovation upon their public rights should but sparingly give their services on these occasions, we also opine that the younger professional branches should make the most of their opportunities in this respect. We have repeatedly said that elocutionary capacity alone will never give the power of acting, but we have always upheld its importance in acting, and we are therefore pleased to be able conscientiously to advise our young friends to "go in and win" in this new field, so widely and agreeably thrown open to them. In rendering a real social service—the amusement and entertainment of their friends at home—they are also rendering themselves by no means unimportant service, if only on the one score—practice.

But there are other important possibilities attaching to the matter also, and among them is the fact that since young actors are often a long time before they obtain a hearing upon the stage in anything beyond small work, they may find a partial remedy for this disability if they can achieve anything like pronounced success in their social exploits as reciters. And now we leave this subject, which we have approached from from all points with considerable satisfaction, inasmuch as it has a very large and agreeable bearing upon the position in which the modern theatrical profession finds itself placed.

The Silent Life.

Strange mists of thought that melting through the mind
Drift into shadows, vague and undefined,
Fancies that faint before they reach desire,
And quivering with the breath of life, expire.

Sweet cadences of unvoiced song that stray
From wandering worlds of music far away;
Wild wailing melodies that but suggest
With tremulous uncertainty the unexpressed.

Memories of soul songs that we do not hear,
Strains from afar that never have been near,
Echoes of answers affluent of bliss,
Vagrants from dreamland floating down to this.

Oh! inner life that dwells apart on earth,
Interrogating Heaven for thy birth,
Whose silence [illegible]le of sound
With a dumb [illegible] profound,

Is there no latent [illegible] reveal
A rapture, [illegible] we feel?
No harmony to voice the still-born song
Whose mighty [illegible] makes weakness strong?

Ah! question [illegible] realms of space,
I, listening for an [illegible] faintly trace
Its last vibration [illegible] refrain,
"Always to question is the joy of pain."

—SAKA JEWETT.

The Amateur.

OLD BAMBOOZLE TELLS HIM SOMETHING ABOUT DRAMATIC ART.

BY JAMES L. FORD.

I know the Amateur well, and really enjoy his society. There are not many men who can say the same, for his air of calm superiority—which I find simply amusing—has made him decidedly unpopular with his acquaintances.

Among journalists and professional people, whose society he affects in a condescending way, his opinions have but little weight, and I confess I was surprised to learn that in "sassiety" he is looked upon with a feeling akin to veneration as an Amateur thoroughly conversant with dramatic, lyric and other forms of art.

I met him one evening at the house of a mutual friend. He was entertaining a number of ladies with a discussion of Mr. Irving's qualities as an actor.

"I assure you," he said, impressively, "that I have never seen anything better than his performance of Matthias. It was artistic. He's a wonderfully *intelligent* actor."

I ventured to remark that I thought Mr. Irving's first entrance a little too melodramatic for a really commonplace situation, but he silenced me and won the instant approval of the company by replying, majestically, that true art disdained such petty distinctions.

Then he enchained us with a monologue on dramatic art, the intelligence of Mr. Irving, and the rare benefit which would accrue to the stage as soon as the play of a certain obscure friend of his saw the light.

"That play will be the greatest success ever known," he declared; "I know it will, because I read the manuscript myself."

So the ingenuous youth prattled on, and the simple "sassiety" folk listened with profound respect, marvelling that one small skull could contain so much lore.

We left our mutual friend's house together that night, and walked down Broadway, smoking and discussing art. In a snug hostelry where we paused for refreshment I encountered my old friend Bamboozle, the comic opera manager, whose fame had already reached the ears of the Amateur.

"So that's really Bamboozle, is it?" he exclaimed. "Yes, indeed, I would be very glad to meet him."

[illegible] him. The look of [illegible] angling for gudgeon and thinks he sees one smelling of his bait.

"I've often heard about you, Mr. Bamboozle," said the Amateur, "and I am very glad to meet you. I've always taken an active interest in the stage, but not in the way that you have. My knowledge of dramatic and lyric art is chiefly theoretical, though I have been thrown a great deal with those connected with the profestion, and, besides, I know a great many charming musical people. You must find your calling a fascinating one. Any calling must be delightful that brings one in contact with so many artistic people."

Mr. Bamboozle bowed majestically, puffed a cloud of smoke into the air, and then drained his glass to the bottom.

"Let's have another round," he said. The glasses were refilled and the manager, who had been imbibing quite freely before, became communicative, as is his wont when in his cups.

"Yes," he said, "it's a fascinating employment, and I don't know any better experience for a young man just entering life than a year or two of comic opera management. And it's specially valuable to a fellow who has a good theoretical knowledge of the business. It sort of polishes him up and gives him a training and experience that will last him all his life."

"I have a good many ideas about art," said the Amateur, "that I'd really like to see tried. Now, in casting a company, for example, a man ought to have the true artistic sense to be entrusted with such a delicate task as that. This throwing a company together on the stage and trusting to luck is all wrong——"

"Right you are," shouted Mr. Bamboozle. "It does take an artist to cast a company, and I flatter myself I know a little something about it. Did you see The Mascotte when I gave it here last Summer? Now, *that* piece was well cast, if I do say it myself. That Bettina was an amateur—paid me $100 for the privilege of playing the part. Then Fiametta and Pippo put up the costumes between them, and half the chorus were amateurs and did not get a cent—no more than the other half did, for that matter—but, anyway, I raised enough out of the company before I opened the doors to pay pretty nearly all the expenses. That's what I call casting a company."

The Amateur was a little mystified, but as he saw that the manager's glass was empty he ordered another round of drinks and rattled off:

"Well, I was speaking in a broader—a more catholic sense. I mean that the stage needed more men who have made a study of art—the highest and most noble form of art."

"Certainly," said the manager, "and what's more, they're bound to have such men. Look at the printing we have to carry nowadays, and compare it with what was in use a dozen years ago. You ought to see the stands of bills I'm getting up for my company. Then I'm going to have three-sheet posters and hangers and some of the most beautiful window-work you ever saw in your life. I've got lithographs that'll pull the paving-stones right out of the street and drop 'em in orchestra chairs. Of course, you've got to pay some attention to art if you're going to take out a first-class show."

"Ah! well," said the Amateur, "I suppose it's necessary to have an attractive display of posters, but I alluded to that art which stands on a higher moral plane. Now, the mere morality of art, if you understand the term——"

"Certainly, I understand," said old Bamboozle, "and I'm right with you there, too. You've got to run a moral show in the small towns. 'T won't do to have anything that's at all 'off', or the folks'll kick and the press'll go for you. Now, the company that I'm going to take out just as quick as I get things fixed all right, is one that'll pull the teeth right out of the deacons' heads. They're all fine people, the high-tonedest in the land. Talk about moral art! You just ought to see our soprano. She knocks 'em silly everywhere. Her father's a leading clergyman up in the country, and I work that racket everywhere for all it's worth. In the one-night towns she goes and volunteers to sing in the choir wherever we spend Sunday. Right you are about moral art. That's always been my idea, too. Why, what I want to do is to take out a company composed entirely of clergymen's and deacons' sons and daughters. How would that be for moral art, hey? Why, I tell you the thing would draw like a mustard-plaster and the papers would drop to it and boom the thing everywhere. Well, I must be going. I'm glad to have met you, sir. Some time, when you've got nothing better to do, I'd like to have you call in and see me—you'll generally find me on the Square, or you can drop me a postal in care of Charley Collins, and then I'll tell you something more about my scheme. Good night, sir."

And old Bamboozle went home without realizing that he had taught the Amateur more about dramatic art than he had ever known before in the whole course of his life.

NOVEL ROCKING FAUTEVIL
CONTRIVED TO AFFORD PROMPT EXIT IN CASES OF PANIC.
NB. ANY PERSONS NOT WISHING TO BE OVERHEARD MAY ELEVATE AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE
PROGRAMMES WILL BE INVISIBLE
SIMPLE METHOD OF SUPPRESSING Ye SPECULATOR
NO MORE GOING OUT BETWEEN THE ACTS. LADIES WILL SMILE IN COMPANY.
The simple Pedal

THE UTOPIA LYCEUM—OR THEATRE OF THE FUTURE.
DRAWN BY CAPTAIN ALFRED THOMPSON.

A (Hitherto) Secret Society.

BY JOHN HOWSON.

At this festive time of the year it is seasonable and fit to make mention of things harmonious, social and recreative—conidtions which tend to relieve the monotonies that encompass mankind in the daily round of bread-winning and reputation-seeking.

I owe to the courtesy of an old professional comrade the great pleasure I experienced, and long hope to enjoy, of becoming acquainted, in

[illegible] April last, with a [illegible] condition that [illegible] [illegible] Conservatory [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of "its" [illegible] March 13, 1884, as an incorporated club possessing a State charter. It was indeed a boon to find this little club, whose history is known to but few outside its own members, as I had often in my solitude (instrumentally speaking) longed for musical companionship distinct and apart from that which was associated with my Thespian duties—duties which, in that particular branch, were at times palling on one's better palate. The Whale chorus, in Olivette, the dreaded topical song and "Pretty Girls all of a Row," though very catching and "fetching" for the ephemeral nonce, do not furnish the satisfying pabulum that a physician finds in the leonine repose of a Beethoven or the richly-dressed fancies of a Mendelssohn, else the club I write of would not, in all probability, have been called into existence, or I am wrong in my prognosis. However, the fact remains. Here is a club which offers to the musician an antidote to his bane—music; but music of a higher standard, and which he enjoys purely for its own sake.

Reverting to Mendelssohn, a pardonable digression may be excused. My first acquaintance with the composer's C Minor Trio for piano, violin and violoncello has an anecdote connected with it. The late Charles E. Horsley was a student under Mendelssohn at Leipsic. When he (Horsley) visited Australia it became my privilege, as well as my brother Frank's, to become a sort of protege of his. After we had played through the trio mentioned, Horsley turned to us from the pianoforte, exclaiming, in his enthusiastic manner: "Ah! boys, Mendelssohn is a compound of Beethoven and Bach, and a deuced good salad it makes!"

But to resume. The club, like the "good woman," has been happier without a "history," though its members comprise some who are known to fame, and many who are modest workers in the musical world. It would be invidious to particularize, but one may select at random such names as P. S. Gilmore, B. C. Bent, Vice-President P. Lax, a brilliant flautist and charming composer; W. L. Bowron, past president; Jesse Williams, president; J. Levy, vice-president; genial Tommy Hindley, the treasurer; John W. Beard, Secretary John Hunt, and many others, to show the material of which the Musical So- [illegible] Club is com- [illegible] balladist [illegible] May and [illegible] could *never* ag[illegible] as cricket cannot [illegible] veniently be played [illegible] the blizzard season, they —the club—do agree upon May; and thereby hangs a tale. Jesse Williams has long been an ardent lover of field sports, being the proud possessor of sundry cups, badges and other trophies won upon the grassy sward or the tan-bark'd track, and is deeply grounded in the mysteries of toe-and-heel walking, sprint running, etc. In fact, most of his leisure is spent in outdoor pastimes which develop brawn. His story of a pedestrian, McKinstry by name, is worth repeating. At a running match at Lilliebridge Grounds, London, an enthusiastic backer of McKinstry stood within twenty yards of the winning-post. Along came McK. at a clipping pace, nostrils dilated, eyes almost starting from his head, lips gaping and parched, hands clenched—running his heart out, so to speak. The excited backer, seeing this, screamed:

"Go it! McKinstry, go it! *Wot are yer standin' lookin' at?*"

A noted feature of the club is its receptions, where recitations, solos, vocal and instrumental, with orchestral selections, make an entertaining bill-of-fare. Invitations are cordially extended to the kindred profession being at on[illegible] of these sociables that I had the honor and [illegible]asure of participat[illegible] this intrusion [illegible]n the club's incognito, I apologize by wishing it and its members friends a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Bill Jones.

THE SPORTSMAN.

You've heard the saying, doubtless, so many often quote,
"Never despise the man who wears a ragged coat."
None but meanest skinflint would say "Poverty is no crime,
But if no woman mends his coat, why don't he take the time?
Whoever loses self-respect out of Life's race must fall.
"Survival of the fittest" applies to one and all.
'Tis not our ragged-coated friend who sharpest feels the goad
Of thrice accursed Poverty, or bears its heaviest load.
Want's door is very low, and they whose mental stature's high,
On entering stoop the lowliest, with many a heavy sigh;
In yonder fireless garret is an author earning fame.
His body slowly starving—a man, perchance, whose name
Shall blaze like God's own lightning, in the distant day
Thro' the land, tho' now Hope's star sheds but a feeble ray.
His artist neighbor dreams of fame that still eludes his quest,
Till Earth, the kindly mother, receives him to her breast,
Then, haply, like poor Camoens,* who living wanted bread,
When "life's fitful fever's over," he'll gain a stone instead.
These are the world's *real* poor, the vanquished in the fight,
Whose lives are passed in twilight and end in blackest night.
Encased in mail of pride, to fate only they succumb.
They die and "make no sign;" "their poverty is dumb!

THE STORY.

No one in our company had ever met before,
The hero of this "short and simple annal of the poor."
He joined us for the "lead" in the Fall of 'Seventy-six,
And after short acquaintance we dubbed him king of bricks.
Bill Jones—'twas not his real name, but it will serve my turn—
Was one of Nature's noblemen, as you will shortly learn.
A manly face and form were his, eyes frank and open wide—
The windows of a noble soul that nothing had to hide.
His laugh was aye the merriest among a merry crowd,
And his gift of spinning yarns was by all the boys allowed.
He'd all a young man's honest faults, but not a taint of vice.
He'd take a hand at poker, drink a tod, or shake the dice,
And, like witty Falstaff of the merry olden times,
With blithesome heart Bill Jones oft heard the peal of midnight chimes.
But he never spoke foul, sland'rous words of any absent man.
(To follow which example some would find a famous plan.)
His heart was open as the day to any tale of woe,
And when in funds his cash was free alike to friend and foe,
The latter couldn't long resist the sunshine of his heart,
And many a one he met as foe would as a friend depart.
The sole alloy that one could find in Billy's manly mould,
Was a rash, impulsive nature, that made him overbold.
Sudden and quick to anger, but like the sparks from steel,
His wrath as soon would vanish, and his wounded feelings heal.
And Bill Jones was an actor! The conscience-stricken Thane,
The jealous Moor of Venice, or philosophic Dane,
Lear's majestic madness, or Benedick's blunt wit,
By some rare gift of genius, did each his nature fit.
No small-souled elocutionist had closed his artist wings;
He ranged Passion's gamut as the lark its matin sings,
These both to good Dame Nature's ancient school belong;
From her one gained his artist soul, the other learnt its song.
In fact, like that old Roman who of men stood in the van,
So might one truly say of Jones, "Behold this was a man!"

'Twas in 'Seventy-nine Bill met his matrimonial fate,
When gentle Mary Carpenter became his loving mate.
A slender, fragile girl was she, not long upon the stage;
Her highest efforts then had been a country girl or page.
None ever thought that Mary would as an actress shine;
But Bill Jones didn't care for that, he found her heart a mine.
She'd a sweet and guileless nature, just the feminine of his;
She "filled the bill" altho' she didn't play the leadin' "biz,"
Except with him at home, you know, till Baby came to town,
Who at once deposed Queen Mary and wore his mother's crown.
Oh, 'twas a sight for gels to [illegible] that happy pair
Caressing that young shaver, [illegible] so handsome, she so fair;
But fleeting Time, relentless Time, must swiftly roll along
With it's ne'er-ceasing burthen, Joy, Hope, Poverty and Wrong,
And I'd lost track of Jones, as in our business oft's the case,
Or saw his name but rarely as I played from place to place,
But engaging with old Skinner last month, here in town,
I heard that poor Bill Jones in the profession had got down.
Poor Mary, never strong, was in fell consumption's grasp,
Their means had well nigh vanished, and she at her last gasp.

One night I met Bill on the Square, and, oh! it wrung my heart
To see the change two little years had made in one so smart.
His clothes, tho' neat and decent, were old and badly worn;
His eye had lost it's manly fire, his air was quite forlorn.
With others proudly silent, he told me his troubles all;
To see poor Mary slowly dying, alas had caused his fall.
He'd drown his grief in liquor; 'twas [illegible] said,
Or think of his [illegible]

[illegible] bosom's smart,
[illegible] hide a breaking
"Old [illegible] faithful girl, my Mary's
[illegible] board bare, and I've an empty
[illegible] me this; I gave what help I could;
[illegible] of thanks, but irresolutely stood
[illegible] eye and quivering lip, and then my
[illegible] he pressed—
[illegible] hanks for my relief to the want I but half guessed.
He reaches home (home, alas!) ascends his garret stair,
Then very gently turned the latch for fear of startling her.
"How silent is the room! Ah, baby's sleeping sound;
How quiet Mary looks, poor girl! What's this upon the ground?"
A postal-card: "Dear sir, your application came too late,
Very sorry; time's filled up; haven't a single date."
Poor Billy sighed: "The old, old tale, but Mary, dear, awake;
I've food and fire" Not a sound did that grim silence break.
Then Billy's face grew ghastly, while his heart almost stood still,
As gazed he on his babe, and Mary's face so fixed and chill,
"My God," he cried, "she is not dead! No, no, it cannot be.
You'll presently awake, dear love—why don't you speak to me?"
No light was in his baby's eyes, alas! it's fount of life
Had failed; disease and want at last had killed his child and wife.
The poor wretch couldn't realize that they had really gone
And left him broken-hearted in this bleak world alone.
But when at last his whirling brain began to comprehend,
Being only human, he spoke words might some nice ears offend,
"Is there a pitying God," he raved, "a God that loves us all?
Why does he mix in my life's cup this drop of devil's gall?
Instead of the All-Merciful, 'tis an almighty fiend
Governing the helpless universe, and thus I'll make an end."
With madness seething in his brain, he seized a fatal knife,
And in an instant dead he fell beside that faithful wife.
* * * *
[illegible] like Othello, I have "told a plain unvarnished tale."

[illegible], the national poet of Portugal, lived a life [illegible] abject poverty. His countrymen have but [illegible] acknowledged his genius by erecting a monu[illegible] to his memory.

Nor will I tack a moral to't, for it would naught avail.
I've heard, tho', some religious quacks have said 'twixt groan and sigh:
"Poor wretch! What awful fate is his throughout Eternity."
O gentle Christ! O pitying God! Dost thou still reign above,
And hear such worms malign Thee thus, Thou whose name is Love?
My friend Jones was a man, as was the Christ of old,
And He in any world would say Jones had a heart of gold.
Doubt not the great Stage Manager will give poor Bill a date;
He makes allowance for us all, and never says "Too late!"

—EDWARD COLEMAN.

A Midwinter-Night's Dream.

Ann sat by the Christmas fire, some tolu-gum a-chewing;
At her feet the kitten lay a-purring and a-mewing;
On the wall the time-worn clock the hour of nine a-ringing,
An' neath the hearth his merry song the cricket was a-singing.

Grown tired with thoughts of books and school, Ann soon fell a-napping,
And in the arms of Morpheus her future gave a mapping.
She thought of sights she'd like to see, of continents to travel;
Of occult sciences to delve, of myst'ries to unravel.

Thought, too, of titles she might bear, of Madame or of Lady.
Ah, *then* she must es-chew the gum or keep the habit shady.
"No, *no!*" thought Ann, "what e'er I be in years to come,
I'll not forget the debt I owe good tolu chewing-gum.

"With teachers cross, or lessons hard, it helps to bury sorrow,
An' when I've none of it myself, of some classmate I borrow.
I'll ne'er consent to wed a man to whom it gives offence,
Nor e'en indeed unless to chew he will himself commence."

And with her thoughts her jaws kept pace
A-masticating gum
Begetting muscle for to chew
Tolu till "kingdom come."

But o'er the spirit of Ann's dream a change now seemed to come;
She 'peared a-chewing nauseous glue instead of tolu-gum;
And all about her on the floor were giant pans and dishes,
In which to stew the hoofs and horns and cook the finny fishes.

Across the room she spied a man, the foreman of the shop,
Who, when she quit to rest her jaws, reproved her for the stop.
"What, rest indeed!" quoth he to she; "you've only just begun;
Before you quit, my pretty lass, you'll have to chew a ton!"

"A ton of what?" quoth she to he, her features all aghast.
"G-l-u-e!" quoth he to she; "'tis not a sweet repast,
But 'tis the only certain cure for such confirm-ed chewers,
To make them exercise their jaws as you're now doing yours."

At this Ann's heart sunk 'steen degrees; then up her dander rose;
She vow'd she'd place a mighty slap across that foreman's nose.
Now as she raised her dimpled hand to strike the hated glueman,
She rocked upon the snoozing cat, which squell'd a squall inhuman.

Ann, thus wakened from her dream, ne[illegible] 'ondered how't had come.
She knew she'd fallen asleep [illegible] ig to[illegible]
She gave her head a [illegible] yawn,
Then munched [illegible] slept, a [illegible] and
[illegible] daylight [illegible] owed dawn.

ENVOI.

Unless Ann heeds the moral which this yarn was spun to teach,
She'll find the habit growing as each Christmas follows each;
And together with most school-girls, as sure as you are born,
She'll be found a-chewing tolu-gum when Gabriel blows his horn.

—WILL WALL.

?

Oh! that I could re-live the years
That have drifted idly by,
Or bathe again in childhood's tears
That were like a Summer's sigh;
Or could upon life's checkered way
Revisit childhood's scene,
Nor picture what I am to-day,
With what I might have been.

How glad would I re-live the years,
I thought such sorrow then;
How joyful would I deem the tears,
And shed them o'er again.
To have them softly smoothed aside
For a gayly-painted drum,
Or swell with all a hero's pride
In my little wooden gun.

How bravely have I marched the room
At fancy's stern alarm,
That mother and our "little Bloom"
Might feel secure from harm.
And standing guard till papa came,
His ears with wonder[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible] the children, too, are men.
But I'd give the brightest and the best
To taste again the joy,
Or feel the pride that swelled the breast
Of that earnest little boy.

—J. J. WALLACE.

Pauper Law.

Two walked under the linden shade in an English country town;
He a rough-clad country lad; she in a homespun gown.
"To-morrow," he said, "to-morrow, my own—forever my own.
Forever the light of my eyes, forever the light of my home;
Forever the strength of my hands. O, hope, so fair, so fair!"
And he kissed the modest eyelids, and kissed the nut-brown hair.
"To-morrow," answered the maid, and shyly raised her head,
And love's true faith shone thro' her eyes; "to-morrow we will be wed."
And youthful hearts looked fearlessly along the path of life;
Tho' both were poor, love gave them strength to toil as man and wife;
And down to the village church they came, two faithful, loving hearts;
They heard the words, "What God hath joined let no man dare to part."

Two sat under the linden shade in a quiet country town,
Aged and gray; a life of toil had bent their shoulders down;
A life of toil—O, hope betrayed!—had furrowed their faces thin;
A life of honest toil, for their life had known no sin.
Poverty's strong temptation had harmless passed them by;
Now too feeble to work for bread, naught left them but to die.
Children long since had left them—gone to a far-off land;
Alone they tottered down life's hill, hand closely clasped in hand.
"To-morrow," said he, "to-morrow we enter the workhouse walls."
"To-morrow," said she, "to-morrow!" On her hand a tear-drop falls.
"Fifty years of labor, that it should come to this at last!"
Long suffering had taught her patience, and her grief was quickly passed.
And sitting there hand in hand they saw the sun go down.
Then wearily rose, with faces white, turned toward the distant town.

One looked out on the lindens from an English workhouse walls;
The church bell, ringing sweetly, the people to worship calls;
His thoughts go back to the morning when, full of joy and pride,
Adown the shade of the lindens he walked by his sweetheart's side;
His thoughts went back to the morning of that happy, happy day,
When she was his bride—she that sick in the workhouse lay;
Sick and alone in the workhouse! Apart after fifty years!
Separated at last by pauper laws! Slowly arose his tears:
"What God hath joined together!" The lindens faded away;
Blind were his eyes with tears—from the window he turned away.

Past the workhouse window the dead-wagon slowly goes.
"Some one's dead in the woman's ward"—the paupers quickly arose;
The old man rises slowly, to the window he slowly creeps,
"Better off," he said, "poor pauper, that in death at last she sleeps."
Away rolls the workhouse wagon, away with its lonely load.
The paupers stand by the window and watch it down the road.
In at the door comes the warden: "Some one dead?" the paupers say;
"Your wife, old man," said the warden; "your wife was buried to-day."
Then all fell back before him, who rose like a lion's mate—
No sorrow or grief in that stony eye, but only deadly hate.
"Stand back!" he said, "Stand back! Let me out of this devil's den!
Ye mockers of Heaven's sweet charity! ye devil's imps—not men!
Oh, thorn-crowned Christ on Calvary, that in the manger lay,
Has thy gentle lessons of charity forever passed away?
Have none of ye wives or children? May ye be accursed of God!
Who have kept a man from his dying wife until she's under the sod;
Let no man dare to stay me! I'll leave this hell to-day!
I'll have no more of your charity, if I die on the public way!"

No one dared to stop him, and out on the road he went,
And down to the pauper's graveyard his feeble steps he bent.
Too late, too late, the gate was closed. He knocked, he called, he raved!
Deaf were they as the senseless bars, where his nails dug out their grave;
Warmly the life-stream red crimsoned his palsied hand.
Dead! dead! at the gate of the graveyard, in this proud Christian land!

Slowly the wardens gathered, the church bell ringers pause;
"What God had joined together"—put asunder by pauper laws!

—WALTER STANDISH.

Dreadful Legend of Sairey Ann.

It's just about a dozen years
Since Miss Tryphena Higgins
Became the high and mighty wife
Of little Ephraim Wiggins.
He was the meekest little man
You'd find on top of earth;
But she was full of stuck-up airs
And bragged about her birth.
She led poor Ephraim such a life
That he was forced, they say,
To keep from being talked to death
To cut and run away.
He left his wife, he left his s[illegible].
He left his daughters young,
To escape an early graveyard
And Tryphena's dreadful tong
Now M[illegible]im W[illegible]s,
To [illegible]e,
[illegible]up on her n
[illegible] the bone.
[illegible]d three daughte
[illegible]ful rumor ran
[illegible]d and petted both
Sairey Ann.
[illegible]as like her father,
[illegible] her mild and quiet ways;
So her mothe[illegible] took and spanked her
While the ot[illegible]er ones she'd praise.
Maria Mathilde and Cecilia Jeanette
Were the n[illegible]mes of the precious twins.
Saucy and pert and full of conceit,
Sairey suffered for all their sins.
It was Sairey here, and Sairey there,
In a dozen different places.
No one but Sairey could comb their hair
Or wash their delectable faces.

Maria Mathilde had a face of wax,
Cecile had a porcelain head;
Maria had tresses the color of flax,
Cecile's was a golden red.
Poor Sairey Ann's were a dingy brown,
And her eyes were always weak,
And her teeth projected in such a way
It was somewhat hard to speak.
She had run so much on errands and such
That her feet grew remarkably large,
And one of her shoes you could easily use
As a sort of an oyster barge.
With very hard work her hands they spread
To thrice their natural size,
And with watching the twins, I'm sorry to say,
She'd a squint in both of her eyes.
Tryphena would say, when sending 'em out,
"Now, Sairey, whatever you do,
Keep an eye on little Maria Mathilde
And my darling Cecilia, too!"
So that dear, obedient Sairey Ann
Would wander the blessed day,
With one eye on Sis, who was walking in front,
And the other across the way.
[illegible]ll [illegible]nning and jumping about
[illegible] lace,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

The Statue of Tecumseh.

AN IDYL OF ART AND OTHER THINGS IN THE INTERIOR.

Tecumseh was an Indian chief—
  As most undoubtedly you know—
Who caused the settlers poignant grief,
  In Indiana, years ago.
He was the noble warrior who—
  As certainly you are aware—
Got licked like sin, at Tippecanoe,
  Because, it seems, he wasn't there.
If that doesn't read exactly straight,
It's history, at any rate.

At last the brave Tecumseh fell
  Before the dauntless pioneer.
Where once the monarch used to dwell
  There stands a chemistry of beer.
And the alchemist is rich in gold—
  Folks must have beer or they can't exist—
And the town's not named for the warrior bold;
  They call it after the alchemist!
Oh, a brewer, alive, is far ahead
Of a noble Indian monarch dead!

Oh, 'tis a lively Western town!
  According to the local talk,
" Within five years it's going to down
  Chicago and, perhaps, New York."
They have a park, a new hotel,
  An "opera house" where the minstrels "showed,"
And Jumbo Davis made them yell
  With "the finest drama on the road."
Booth and Irving have passed it by;
The local critics can not state why.

The "opera house," the big hotel,
  Of course, are named for the alchemist;
So is the public park as well,
  And that about consumes the list.
But in the park—one act of grace—
  There frowns upon the passer-by
A statue, and upon its base
  The name "Tecumseh" meets the eye.
And the look on its face just seems to say,
"I'd burn this town if I had my way."

When first the townsfolk did propose
  The statue, they by contract let
The job. And 'twixt two sculptors rose
  Great rivalry that job to get.
Of course it couldn't go to both;
  One missed it and, as mad as Cain,
He swore a most infernal oath
  That he would dire revenge obtain.
But what he would do he did not say.
Meanwhile the other worked away.

At last the statue was complete,
  And on the pedestal was set,
Close veiled it was from head to feet.
  Save he who carved it none had yet
Beheld it. On the coming day
  'Twould be unveiled to public view.
The town prepared for great display
  And painting things a ruddy hue.
That night 'twas stolen, and where it stood
Was placed an Indian of wood.

Just such a figure as you see
  Before tobacco shops displayed.
But veiled it was so carefully,
  The wicked change was not betrayed;
And no one in the mighty throng
  That gathered there to see the fun
Suspicion had of the great wrong
  That to the sculptor had been done.
Only the other sculptor knew
What sort of a sight would meet their view.

Imposing were the rites gone through;
  The speakers lacked not power of lung.
The brazen band its lowdest blew.
  The local choirs an anthem sung.
At last they reached the point supreme.
  The vengeful sculptor sweat with glee,
Waiting for the derisive scream
  That sure his rival's meed would be.
The veil is rent! What's that he hears?
Not shouts derisive—hearty cheers!

The sculptor horror-stricken stands
  At that strange sight which meets his gaze,
But ere he speaks they grasp his hands
  And shower upon him words of praise.
Great admiration all express.
  The sculptor wisely lets it slide.
They vote the work a great success,
  And then disperse well satisfied.
While the foiled avenger stands apart
To curse the public taste in art.

Next day the local papers shone,
  With long accounts of the affair.
They swore the statue stood alone,
  A work of art in beauty rare.
Each detail they reviewed: the pose,
  The just proportion, true to life;
The chiseling of mouth and nose,
  And of the hand that held the knife.

* * * * * * *

But they couldn't exactly understand
The ten cigars in the other hand.

—CHARLES H. HOYT.

Some Reminiscences.

BY CORNELIUS MATHEWS.

No more estimable or worthy person than Julia Dean has been connected with the stage. With an early history of extreme hardship, which would have taken the soul out of any ordinary girl, she forced her way along by combined purity and energy of character to a first place before the public. Her preliminary trials were endured and utilized in the West. Her first appearance on the Atlantic coast was at the Bowery Theatre in this city, May 18, 1846, as Julia in The Hunchback. She was a sapling or pine in its primal growth, before it had known the woodman's axe or the softening and symmetrizing influence of time. There was, a-top the tree-top, the rustle of fresh breezes, and in its foliage the fragrance of nature. The Western energy proclaimed itself in her ungoverned movements—the harsh cadences of her voice and in the uplifting of her person in the delivery of emphatic passages, as if she would increase her stature and outtop all beholders. But the vital sap was there, and thenceforth she was accepted on the roll of talent which promised much in the future.

So much of Julia Dean professionally. Personally not too much could be said in her behalf. She was enduring and high spirited in poverty. In prosperty she was modest and generous. Her household, in Twenty-ninth street in this city, was no less illumined by her private virtues and graces than was her public career by the charm of talent and womanly power. Assembled under one roof, sustained by Julia Dean's own single strength, were gathered her kindred in various degrees, including her stepfather, Edwin Dean, and his second wife and their children, including Edwina, afterward noted at the West as a singer, with other children of Mrs Dean and her sister, Mrs. Potter; Mr. Dean's sister, Miss Dean; Julia's half-brother, William Fosdick. There, in numerous visits, I never met, as I now recollect, more than two of the profession—old Mrs. Bannister and Charles Pope, the present manager of Pope's Theatre, St. Louis. The Hon. John M. Botts was among the visitors, and was, it was said, an admirer of the actress. Mr. Botts was a widower with grown-up children.

I came to be a visitor at the house through Thomas Jones, the sculptor, who considered himself a favored suitor. It was at his suggestion, I think, that I was invited to dine with the family. A pleasant and friendly reception took me there frequently afterward. At this remote day I read with deep pain in a Western newspaper this paragraph:

"T. D. Jones, an American sculptor of national fame, and the author of a hundred noble works of art, including the bust of Clay, at Lexington, Ky.; Cass, at New Orleans and Detroit, President Tyler, at Baton Rouge, La.; Scott, at New York; Chief Justice Chase, in the Supreme Court of the United States at Washington, and half a dozen of the finest memorials of the late war, is wandering about the streets of Columbus, Ohio, ragged, forlorn and penniless, and gray and trembling with age, a very Praxiteles in poverty and without friends."

Alas! alas! when the artist's marble has more life than the living artist himself!

In other days and other times a different—many different—faces were seen in the homestead of Julia Dean, for it was the very house of mirth and joy. A little record of its entertainments will snow the child-like spirit that pervaded the place; a Julian entertainment, as we may call it, which came off in the small drawing-room of the Deanery, where was gathered some dozen of the kin and intimates of the house. As the company sate in silence the fair Julia called out suddenly: "Wake up! We must have a play. I appoint you, sir," turning to an author who sat near her, known to many of the readers of these chapters as Ben Smith, "I appoint you stage-manager, Mr. Smith."

"What is the play?" was the natural query of Mr. Smith.

"Romeo and Juliet, to be sure."

"Very well, then," responded the newly-appointed stage-manager, who proceeded to assign the parts "Romeo, Oscar Lowe; Montague, Edwin Dean; Capulet, William Fosdick; Tybalt, Edwin Dean, Jr.; Friar John, Miss Potter; Lady Montague Mrs. Edwin Dean; Lady Capulet, Edwina Dean; Nurse, Miss Jane Dean.

"How do you like the cast, Miss Julia?"

"The cast?—is that a cast—where is your Juliet?" Assuming an affair of offended dignity: "Where is that brilliant child of genius who has been pronounced the best Juliet on the stage? Where is the Western favorite? Mr. Smith, you have slighted a personal friend, a woman of talent, and even gone so far as to thrust her out of the play. Do you mean that?"

"I do not mean to do that?"

"Where do I come in, then?"

"Right here. You will admit that scene second, Act II., in Capulet's orchard, is of some importance?"

"Where Juliet appears above at a window on a balcony?"

"Well, there you are?"

"As Juliet."

"No, as the balcony—ball-cony—do you see; it's a special part. The scene, you know, would be nothing without the balcony."

"And where is Juliet all this time?"

"Oh, we play her with a dummy in this cast."

Mr. Dean rises in his majesty and summons the male members of the company to a round table at the end of the room. "Let us try a conundrum."

A little incident occurred soon after this, proving conclusively that Miss Dean did not require a speaking part to make herself understood. It was on the performance of Parthenia in Ingomar, in the Winter Garden Theatre, in which Julia Dean, at the back of the scene, has an aside with one of the other characters of the piece while the spoken business was proceeding in front. I was seated on a back bench in the dress-circle, by the side of a young half-sister of the actress, who interpreted to me the unuttered conversation of the actress and her companion, the correctness of which was affirmed, word for word, by Miss Julia when I met her after the performance. It was the art of the mute's sign language aptly applied to the stage. It might suggest that pretty performers should not unwittingly allow love to be made to them in sight, although out of ear-shot.

One evening Miss Dean, as part of a general conversation on the current theatre, turned to me with a smile and the question:

"Do you think me a good actress?"

"I do—except when you carry overweight."

"What do you call overweight?"

"Lady Macbeth—the Duchess with six children—generally when you wear heavy fur mantles and draw upon your alto."

"What kind of a play would *you* have me appear in?"

"I will answer you candidly—comedy, with a vein of tragic feeling and spirit, beginning moderately, increasing by degrees, and reserving its force and intensity and your strength for the climax."

"Suppose you write me a play?"

"I had not thought of such a thing, but I will try as best I can to practice what I preach."

It was no long time after this that I made my appearance at the Dean mansion with three acts in my hand, which I read to Miss Julia. She made no remark, and I put the play in my pocket and thought no more of it, until on another general visit to the fair actress, she said to me: "Where is the rest of that play?"

"I thought you did not take to what I read, so I stopped."

"It is in five acts, I thnik. Please bring in the other two acts."

In due time I read the finish, the play was approved, and I was sent upstairs to conclude the matter with Mr. Dean, who, as his daughter said, attended to the business. Upstairs I found Mr. Edwin Dean seated at a table, on which stood a small model of a sewing machine of the Singer order, on which he was trying experimental improvements. This model was his constant companion wherever he travelled. Mr. Dean was the special agent of the Singer Company at St. Louis. A contract was soon signed.

The play, after considerable delay, was produced at the Metropolitan Theatre, Broadway. The heroine, Felicia D'Anbro, of course, Miss Julia Dean, Adrian, Edward Eddy, a comic servant, Bombo, by Harry Jordan, etc. As far as I observed, the piece was well received; but some paragraph-mongers having called Miss Dean to account for appearing in a play wanting calibre—in other words, not overloading her with harness touched her professional pride, and she fell back into the old track. I think I may say without presumption that if she had continued she would have established the play with the public and herself in a part entirely suited to her best capabilities. So may I say are actors, and so are dramatic authors set aside.

In strong contrast with the reception at Julia Dean's, where an actor was scarcely ever visible, were the gatherings at the house of Edward Eddy, for there scarcely any other than professionals were to be seen as visitors. Eddy was a Trojan by birth, and in another sense a Trojan in character and deportment. When I knew him he had climbed from the lowest round of the ladder to be a star. The college where he acquired his degree was the Old Bowery, then under the administration of Hamblin. This manager was at that time the giant of the East side. Whenever he appeared in the street all eyes followed. He was Coriolanus when walking on the Bowery in citizen's dress as when he swayed his robe and "fluttered the Volscians" on the stage. I suppose no happier moment ever occurred to a man than when young Eddy marched arm-in-arm with Tom Hamblin up Ann street on their way to dine together at Windust's. It was truly a sight to see, and in some way or other this triumphal entrance at the famous restaurant seems to have been connected with a rough skirmish between the young tragedian and the Irish specialist which still lives in tradition. The contemplation of a spectacle so grand as the two tragic Colossi of the Bowery walking arm-in-arm on the public street, it is asserted, so aroused the ire of Barney that he rushed after them into the private room where they were to dine, when Eddy dealt the Irish comedian a blow from the shoulder which is historical.

I was once spending an evening at Mr. Eddy's house in Nineteenth street, when he spoke up and said to me "I was in Madison Square at 5 o'clock this morning." I naturally asked him what business he had there at that unearthly hour. The tragedian answered in a deep chest voice, striking his breast, "To get my wind." "Do you mean the fresh air?" "No," again striking his breast energetically; "my breast wind. I begin a new engagement at the Bowery on Monday. I have to act in three plays in the course of which I have four hand-to-hand combats, three knock-downs, and to cross bridges and jump from house-tops three times." "Is that all?" I asked. "Not by a long shot," was his reply, "Some of the plays have long declamatory passages of something like a length each, and to get through these with any ordinary allowance of breath would be impossible. So I have spent an hour before daylight this morning running around Madison square to deepen my wind."

"Where were the police all this time?"

The tragedian straightened up and replied, proudly: "Oh, they all know me. Some street boys made their appearance, and looking through the palings as I made my best time, shouted, 'Hi, hi—Eddy, Eddy.'"

It should be borne in mind that Madison square at this time was closed in with a wooden fence, allowing a clear run inside all the way around.

Of all the directors of public amusements who have flourished in the City of New York, none is worthy a higher place than William Niblo. His first step in public life was in a Wall street coffee-house, from which he transmigrated to the well-known site at the corner of Broadway and Prince street. His first effort at entertainment, in my remembrance, was the raising of a gigantic board-fence along Prince street, behind which Herr Cline, one of the earliest, if not the first, walked a long rope. Not to be cheated of our interest in such a performance, I made my way, in company with a school-fellow, attending the Crosby Street High School near by, to an upper story of his father's house, opposite the show-place, where we enjoyed a first-rate gratuitous view of Herr Cline and his gyrations on the rope.

To this succeeded an open garden, with a platform under cover, on which various innocent divertisements were presented, including plain dancing and ballet-singing. This was followed by an enclosed theatre, when the place became famous as Niblo's Garden. Here it was that a succession of elegant entertainments, at first principally ballet and pantomime, drew the best audiences in New York. Chief among those of longest duration and the greatest profit were the Brothers Ravel, who played there year and year out to the infinite satisfaction of the public. They formed a tribe or fraternity by themselves, as I found them all, men, women and children, gathered in a large room opposite the Garden, some in bed, some taking breakfast, children gambolling on the floor. My visit was to take and acknowledge a deed affecting the conveyance of land in which the Ravels were jointly interested.

In observing Francois, the most active member of the company, walking before me up Broadway one afternoon, how slouchy was his manner, as if he expended all his alacrity in his professional work. Remembering this, I could not but be interested in a story which accompanied the announcement of his death not long since, at Toulouse, France, where the family lived after retiring from the stage rich. Francois, who, as I have intimated, was the most gifted as a tight rope dancer and pantomimist, was at this time as bald as a coot and looked much older than he was. He was in a railroad car when a lady came along looking for a seat. Francois arose and offered her his. She said no, she could not think of depriving so venerable a man of his seat. This inspired the veteran pantomimist, and to show just how infirm and decrepit he was he turned a handspring over the seat and landed in the aisle on his feet. Gabriel, the oldest of the Ravel Brothers, is the only survivor of the four. Jerome died first, then Antoine, then Francois.

The fidelity of Mr. Niblo's character may be understood in the fact that he advertised in the first number of the New York *Herald* and continued so to do to the end of his career as manager, in spite of the chances and changes to which the fortunes of that journal was subjected. His steadiness of purpose was clearly illustrated by his method of admission to the Garden—fifty cents a seat to all parts of the house, tickets good not only for the night of purchase, but for any night as long as the Garden was under his management. He looked upon the ticket as a just demand until an equivalent was given.

I had been advised, before I became acquainted with him, that Mr Niblo was very brusque and repulsive in his manners. On the contrary, the very first night of my introduction to him at the Garden he invited me to take a glass of wine with him. In doing so I referred to a dinner furnished by him which had taken place in the saloon the night before, at which the celebrated lawyer, Ogden Hoffman, had been a conspicuous figure. "Yes," rejoined Mr. Niblo, "and I have in other days stood in my linen roundabout behind his father, Judge Josiah Ogden Hoffman's chair at a dinner given at the Tontine in Wall street, when I was a waiter there." My second experience of the discourtesy of the very peculiar the proprietor of Niblo's Garden was an invitation to visit him at his country house at Hell Gate on the East River. On a third occasion, as I entered the lobby of the Garden one evening, I met Mr. Wardle Corbyn (father of Sheridan Corbyn), who said that Mr. Niblo wanted me to look over the libretto of Rip Van Winkle, as there was a difference of opinion as to its practicable qualities. I did so, and returned it in a few days, suggesting certain changes, and the opera, written by Howard Wainwright, son of Bishop Wainwright, and composed by George Bristow, was presented at the Garden successfully, with the support of the Pyne and Harrison company. Afterward also in London, where it was well received.

In further illustration of Mr. Niblo's methodt of business, I may mention that in his dealings with the press he required the advertising bills to be sent in on Saturday. If they were nos called for on the following Monday or Tuesday, Patrick, Mr. Niblo's life-time messenger, appeared at the creditor jorunal's office with the amount in gold. The clearness of his course and his indomitable self-respect were proven by his faithful membership for many years of Calvary Episcopal Church, and his genuine tastes by the gift of a library to the New York Historical Society.

One Night in Bulli.

BY REGINALD G. MARTIN.

It was one of the smallest of all the small combinations that had hit New South Wales in those four dry years that did their best to paralyze the colony a few years ago, and the manager was at his wits' end. There were sixty weary miles to be accomplished before he arrived at his next "date," and four days to do it. Treasury had been an evil dream for weeks past, and even the respectable business that had been done in the seaport town in which he then found himself had only paid up arrears. The whole company sat on six chairs on the verandah of the Squatter's Rest, trying to support the heat and forget their perplexities, and the manager groaned aloud:

"Boys, what is to be done? You know I have no money left, but I have always done the square thing by you, and as soon as I get back on the railway track I will 'hock' the properties and send you home. But meantime we must live somehow."

Just then the local inebriate woke up, and, turning toward the party, gazed upon them pityingly and remarked:

"You fellows don't know how to run a show. What do you want to hang about a place like this for when there are coal mines fourteen miles away? Do you think those miners are going to break their necks coming down here when you can go up to them? Just you start right away for Bulli. There is an A No. 1 hall there, and you will coin money."

Money! We had heard of it in ancient history, and it had a charm for our ears. Further inquiries were instituted, which resulted in the gentleman who combined the duties of bill-poster and advance agent attaching the paste-pot firmly to his saddle and departing toward the mountains in a cloud of dust. Next morning the residuum of five mounted the ancient wagon which transported themselves and their properties and wound wearily through the unvarying gum-trees toward their destination. After four hours and a half of dust and heat they emerged on an open space, where stood two buildings, labelled respectively Schultze's Hotel and Oddfellows, Hall, and the female talent (there was only one of her) exclaimed:

"Why, Reggie, this must be Bulli?"

"No, it can't be; there is no shoeing forge and no police barrack."

"Nonsense; there is smoke rising behind the hotel, and look at the board on the lean-to at the end of it. What does that say?"

It said plainly enough, "New South Wales Mounted Constabulary," and as the rattling of our venerable equipage woke the echoes a figure in a blue jumper, boots and breeches appeared as a convincing proof that the majesty of the law was not unrepresented even in these solitudes.

"Hullo, are you the show?"

"The what?"

"The show. There was a fellow came up here yesterday saying there was a show behind him.

"Pardon me, mister policeman, but might I ask you if we are anywhere in the neighborhood of Bulli, or if we have missed the track?"

"Great Cæsar's ghost! This is Bulli?"

In a short ten minutes a sleepy German appeared at the hotel door, pipe in mouth, and inquired in an indifferent tone:

"Vos you dot show?"

"Yes, my dear sir; we certainly are."

"All right; den come to dot house in. Dot shap mit dose pills vos announce you, und ve vos all brebared. Pat, take dose horses."

We entered, and found the hostelry was most commodious. It comprised four rooms. Two bedrooms for the male and female elements, the bar and—the remainder of the house. The bar was gorgeously adorned with our bills, inverted and otherwise, and a buxom German woman was rapidly disposing on the table in "the remainder of the house" the usual salt horse, damper and tea which constitute an up-country meal in Australia. We were tired and hungry and in that reckless condition which continued poverty induces, so we sat down in silence and gorged. Not one of us had the pluck to utter a syllable; the prospect of performing to the German, his wife, Pat, the policeman and the dog was too much for us. But scarcely had we masticated the last morsel of second-hand government mule when in dashed our fearless "publicity merchant," bathed in perspiration, and with an aggravating smile of contentment on his countenance.

"—! —!! —!!! —!!!! *You!*" howled the entire company. "Where have you posted the stuff? And where is the dodgasted township?"

"Let me get a mouthful to eat, and I will tell you all about it."

So we postponed the funeral till he had poisoned himself with that mule. When he could eat no more, and the first symptoms of dissolution had set in, he told us that he had searched vainly for anything like a definite main track on which to post the bills, and that the huts were so scattered that at last he had gone two miles down the coast and descended the mines and delivered the bills to the miners personally, and that in consequence he had no time to inspect the hall.

We moved an immediate adjournment to inspect the scene of our evening labors, and just imagine our amazement when we found that the building consisted of two small rooms with the wreck of a pre-Adamite billiard-table in one of them—not an American table, but the genuine English article, somewhat smaller than a town lot.

What was to be done? We yelled for the landlord, and he arrived with his pipe and a benign smile, and relieved our minds a little by informing us that the partition between the two rooms was removable.

"But how about that confounded billiard-table?"

"You shtands on him."

There was no use arguing, so we went to work and pulled down the partition, and with it and a few old trestles built an apology for a stage over the billiard table, and constructed a box-scene with seven new blue blankets borrowed of our hostess. When it came to the question of an orchestra, our host told us triumphantly that he had a neighbor who could lend us a harmoninm, and that he would send Pat to fetch it. Our musical director groaned, and our female talent said she could not do song-and-dance business with any degree of satisfaction on the top of a billiard-table to the accompaniment of "Old Hundred."

We sat down on a fallen log outside and soothed our ruffled feelings with pipes and conversation, and awaited the arrival of the instrument of death, and the talented gentleman who filled the honorable post of "filler" to the leading lady and gentleman (there were only three of us on the stage) told us blood-curdling tales of his adventures in South America, which, as he began life as a cook in a Broadway restaurant, we thoroughly believed. In about half an hour's time, to our bitter disappointment, we saw Pat returning with a moderate-sized dry-goods box on his shoulder.

"Why, confound you, I thought you had gone for that harmonium?"

"If it's Billy Ryan's music-box you mane, sure haven't I brought it?"

And with that he deposited his burden, and opening it exposed to our view one of those little collapsible three-octave harmoniums, called by the the irreverent an "educated bellows." That finished us off, and when we had got through laughing we adjourned in a body to see a man. He proved to be the landlord, and when we had got a sufficient amount of the spirit of the British constitution upright in our glasses, we asked him what he intended to charge us for the use of his palatial theatre and its unequalled orchestral appointments.

"Noding. You must make dose fellers dirsty enough und I pays mineself. Vat you charges dose seats all de time?"

"Three shillings, two shillings, and one."

"Yust you shtick to dot tree shilling und let de rest shlide. You get all you vant at dat brice."

In the course of the afternoon he and Pat put up a dozen lamps and fixed four rows of seats, and when we said the accommodation would be insufficient they merely winked portentously and smiled.

About five o'clock a few grimy miners turned up for a drink and looked listlessly at the bills, and our last hope wilted.

Presently we heard a murmur outside. What could it be? Was there a storm coming up? It could not be human voices. Our hearts began to beat. The money-taker went out. Time slipped away. We had to go out. And then what a sight met our eyes! The whole space in front of the hall opposite the hotel was full of men, women and children, and no half-price. We rushed to the back entrance and dashed on our make-up in a state of mind not easy to describe. What did it matter that we two men had to dress under the stars of heaven, with a candle in an empty bottle? What did it matter that Miss Leslie nearly overturned the stage when she danced, or that three notes were broken in the overgrown accordion, or that the audience insisted on smoking all the time and taking charge of the choruses themselves? The hall was crammed; you could not have got another soul into it. Twenty-seven pounds, ten shillings did we take, and two pounds ten shillings were our expenses; and at twevle o'clock that night there wereno happier "mummers" in all the broad lands over which the English flag waves than those who gazed over the edges of their glasses at our landlord as he exclaimed, with the nearest approach to excitement of which he was capable:

"Didn't I told you so?"

A Popular Composer.

BY RUDOLPH ARONSON.

How mistaken was the eminent critic, Dr. Hauslick, when, after the first representation of Johann Strauss' maiden opera, La Reine Indigo, in 1871, he remarked that as a waltz-writer Johann Strauss stood supreme, but that as a composer of operetta he would never succeed. At that time Dr. Hauslick's opinion was shared in by many; but that opinion has materially changed. Following La Reine Indigo came Der Carneval in Rom (1873), Die Fledermaus (1874), and then Cagliostro, Prince Methusalem, Queen's Lace Handkerchief, Blinde Kuh, Merry War and A Night in Venice, thus establishing the famous maestro as the leading operetta composer (with the possible exception of Franz von Suppe) of the present time.

Previous to embarking in operetta composition, Johann for twenty-five years conducted his orchestra, principally in Vienna, and occasionally in the leading cities of Europe, thus popularizing his celebrated dance-music, which has made the name of Strauss a household word throughout the world. Of his most popular waltz, "Beautiful Blue Danube," over 600,000 copies were sold in Vienna, and next to that in number comes the "Kuss Walzer" (from The Merry War), the original *motif* of which, however, was suggested, I understand, by a lady who crossed from New York with the maestro after his memorable visit to this country in 1872—which visit, by the way, he invariably recalls with pleasure.

During my last visit to Vienna, in 1882, I spent a very agreeable time with the maestro, and was particularly struck with his amiability. On arriving at his residence (I might say palace), I was quite surprised upon entering the reception-room to be confronted with a billiard-table. I thought it might be intended as a receptacle for coats, hats, umbrellas, etc.; but upon inquiry I learned that during leisure hours the maestro partook of a "little game" all by himself. In the library there were *only three pianos*, one of which the maestro opened, disclosing the name of an American manufacturer. "I am as pleased with that piano," said he, "as I was with the orchestra of one hundred musicians that was organized at short notice for me in New York when I gave a few concerts at the Academy of Music. I have seldom met with so able a body of men who so easily grasped my ideas and *tempi*." I inquired of him whether he remembered "grasping" somebody else's violin—when he slipped and fell from the music platform—on the occasion of his first concert in New York. He laughed heartily. His salon is sumptuously furnished, a life-size bust of Beethoven, Johann Strauss, Sr. (his father), Joseph and Eduard (his brothers), and innumerable wreaths, medals, batons, goblets, etc., ornamenting the apartment.

A beautiful garden is attached to the place, where Strauss writes most of his delightful music, and I understand from friends that the operetta upon which he is now busily engaged, Der Zigenner Baron, contains much that is both original and beautiful.

The grand *fete* celebrated in Vienna last October, on the occasion of his fortieth anniversary as composer and conductor, was a fitting tribute to a man who, as "a musician of the people," stands without an equal—save Johann Strauss!

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Cadigan, J. P.
Carver, Dr.
Cowell, Miss Sydney
Campbell, May
Chatterton, G. W.
Carty, W. E.
Clark, E. G.
Coombs, Jane
Campobello, Sig.
Castle Burlesque co.
Cragg Co. Man'g.
Callender, Chas. (2)
Charenson, Alice
Clayburgh, Edward (2)
Courtney, William
Chrenstein, C. J.
Crossman, Miss (2)
Clark, S. H.
De Bevoise, E.
Du Bois, S. C.
Davis, Charles J.
Daulas, Eugene
Daly, Will J. (2)
DeLeon, F. C.
Davidson, J. W. (2)
Drew, Mrs. John
Desmond, Miss Fannie
De Jasen, F. (2)
Dudley, Miss Perle
Duncan, W. T.
Denman, Louise
Decker, Nelson (2)
DeElmar, Camille
Elliott, Gertrude
Ewer, A. G.
Evans, C. Ralph
Elington, Lillian
Emmet, J. K.
Emmett, W.
Engelmann, Mons.
Florentine, Carlo
Fenton, Essie
Frank, Joe.
Forsyth, Kate
Foote, Richard
Freer, Margaret
Glenn, S. W.
Ganter, A. C.
Gardner, Frank (2)
Grey, Alice
Gottheld, K. M.
Graves, C. L.
Gough, John B.
Gardiner, C. R.
Goodwin, Nat.
Grandee, F. E.
Grover, B. H.
Grover, Leonard
Gillette, Mr.
Germaine, Revel
Harold, Donald
Hayman, Alf.
Holcombe, Rachel
Halford, H. H.
Hall, C. J.
Henry, Hi
Haynes, Mr.
Harris, William (3)
Havens, Harry
Huppman, Charles
Haywood, Louis H. (4)
Hess, C. D.
Hallen, Mr.
Hart, L. M.
Hoop of Gold co.
Hoffman, C. H.
Harrison and Gourlay
Heath, Mamie
Hayden, Frank
Harwood, Harry
Irwin, Selden
June, George
Jackson, Isabel (2)
Jordan, George W.
Jennings, J. O.
Jefferson, Jos.
Keyes, Col. D. A. (2)
Kirby, Sadie
Knox, Charles
Kelly, I.
King, W. T. (4)
Kelly, W. W.
Keenan, Annetta
Kreissig, Hans
Leoni, H.
Levick, Milnes
Lacy, Harry
Lackey, William A.
Lawson, Emma
Laurent, H. (2)
Lynch, Miss Marion
Lewis, W. J.
Ludlow, Charles
Lewis, Jeffreys
Lisle, Rose
Larkin, James
Lytle, R. W.
Lewis, Miss H. M.
Leigh, Helen
Lytell, W. N.
Morris, J. Horace
McAuley, Barney
Marlowe, Mrs. Owen
Mayo, Frank
Maguire, Mr.
Murphy, Joseph
Morris, J. A. (3)
Morris, Clara
Miller, Fred
Morean, Eugene
Mahoney, James A.
Morris, Robert G.
Mestayer, William
Marryat, Florence
Maguire, Thos.
Maubury, Chas.
Morrissey, James W. (2)
Mitchell, Miss J. M. (2)
Morton, Charles H.
Miller, Ch. A.
Martin, C. R.
Morris, George O.
Maeder, Fred.
Marston, E. F.
McWade, Robert
Morris, Wm.
Mann, Harry
Norman, S. P.
Netter, E. T.
Nelson, Virginia
Oates, Alice
Olcott, Lilian
O'Neill, James
Odem, Walter
Osborne, Rose
Owenstein, Mr.
Perry, Irene
Paullin, Louise
Plunkett, Addie
Percy, Arthur
Prescott, Marie
Palmoni, C.
Paul, Logan
Power of Money (Mgr.)
Pixley, Annie
Paulding, Fred (4)
Prather, Miss Dempsey
Potter, F. W.
Piggott, Joe
Pendy, John
Parsloe, Charles T. (2)
Pixley company, Manager.
Peters, John
Poor, Charles B.
Phillips, Gus
Paxton, George
Parr, Helen (2)
Paulding, Mrs. F.
Pitaka, Frank
Paggett, W. J.
Payson, F.
Ritter, Prof.
Rogers, L.
Ross, A. M.
Rodgers, Chas.
Robertson, Wm. H
Robeson, May
Richmond, Horace
Robertson, Charlie
Ruby, Marion E.
Rochester, Will
Ross, Willis
Rogers, John
Russell, Mary
Studley, J. B.
Stark, F. E.
Stude, G.
Simpson, Alfred L.
Stone, E.
St. Quinten, Miss Lizzie
Spitzer, (Mgr.)
Starr, Hattie
Salvini, Alex
Schwab, Mr.
Sylvester, Louise
Sutton, Miss Nellie (2)
Shelly, Mr.
Steele, Geo. (2)
Steele, Harry
Sawtelle, J. H.
Stuart, Dora
Stevens, John A.
Townsend, Camille
Thompson, Denman
Thatcher, P. & W.
Union, F. L.
Ulman, Louis
Von Leer, Sara (3)
Venturo, Signor L.
Vane, Sadie
Valentine, Madge
Verne, Beula
Valentine, Richard
Vicatti, Mrs. S.
Waldron, Nelson
Whalen, Michel
Wheeler, W. H.
Woodhull, H. S.
Ward, Robert
Warde, Fred (2)
Waldro, Minnie
White, Douglas
Warkensteen, A. J.
Wyndham, Charles
Wright, F. E.
Webster, A. C. (2)
Watkins, H. D.
Waters, Lizzie
Withers, Prof. I. G.
Wagner, Mr.
Washburn, Man'g.
Wilson, Rose

*** The New York Mirror has the Largest Dramatic Circulation in America.*

Merry Christmas To All!

We wish our friends and readers a Merry Christmas. To give substantial expression of our good will we have spared no effort to make this holiday number a source of satisfaction and pleasure. Clever writers have contributed a great variety of interesting matter to its pages, and we feel sure the result more than fulfils the promise made beforehand. We present our readers with such an abundance of good things that we scarcely feel that it is necessary to apologize for the omission of several other good things through the fault of others upon whom we depended. By an unfortunate error on the part of the engravers, a large number of illustrations which were prepared for this issue by Messrs. Ramsden, Howson and others were sent to us a few hours before going to press in a shape which rendered their use impossible.

Ristori.

It is unwise, we think, for an actor or actress who has achieved greatness to disturb past achievements by returning to the stage when the powers that once commanded admiration have begun to wane, Fame is dearly won and easily lost. To endure, the artist must retire from public view in the zenith of success, leaving behind undying memories of grand endeavors.

The latest example of the folly of disregarding the consequences of lagging superfluous on the stage is the once great Madame Ristori. Those who have not witnessed her performances since she returned to this country recollect her as the greatest of living tragediennes. But a visit to the theatre where she is at present playing in this city can only be attended with disappointment. The old stager is set to thinking of the swift amd destructive passage of years; the young play-goer wonders what his elders could have seen in the impersonations of this decrepit actress to rave about. The moral is obvious.

A Dramatic Diary.

By special arrangement with the eminent dramatic critic, Mr. William Winter, we will publish in the next issue of THE MIRROR a Dramatic Diary for the years 1883-84, compiled expressly by him.

This Diary, forming as it does a complete and succinct record of theatrical events during the period named, will prove invaluable for purposes of reference, and we doubt not our thousands of readers, both in and out of the profession, will prize and preserve it.

It codtains the date and brief mention of every production and dramatic incident worthy of chronicle. The fact that so erudite a writer as Mr. Winter has undertaken this work is sufficient guarantee of its accuracy and excellence.

"Other Days."

At holiday time the mind naturally runs to the past, and memory is alert with echoes of other days.

Like all other periods of life, this season is of mingled hues: the dark and the bright, the sad and the mirthful, assert their claims as on the mimic stage. We have a touch of comedy and then of tragedy. Not rarely does melodrama assert itself in some incident or other of city history, which darts across the canvas as it were a baleful stroke of sulphurous fire.

Just now the thought of such an incident is brought to our notice by an interview with Officer Eldridge, who has been in the public service as a guardian of the peace five-and-fifty-years. He dates back, in fact, as far as the Leatherheads. His most notable recollection is that of the discovery of the body of Helen Jewett, immediately after her murder, which created so great a sensation, and for which Richard P. Robinson was tried. The trial was also memorable for the great speech which acquitted him, delivered by his counsel, Ogden Hoffman. One who was present assures us that he believes it to have been the most eloquent address ever made to a jury in a criminal case at the bar of New York.

Another memento put afloat by Officer Eldridge is more germane to the season: "I was often detailed," says the veteran patrolman, "to balls and entertainments. An event which I especially remember was the ball given in honor of Lafayette, in 1824. It took place in a sort of hotel which stood where Castle Garden now stands. I went on duty there at eight o'clock in the evening and stayed until eight next morning. It was a grand affair."

It was no doubt a grand affair and the town talk; but the worthy officer is a little out in his reckoning when he obliterates Castle Garden and supersedes it with a hotel. At the time of Lafayette's visit it was Castle Garden, existing pretty much in its entirety as an old military fort, with esplanade, embrasures and mural defences; and so continued for many years, even down to this day.

It has never been a hotel, but always Castle Garden, utilized in its latter days for various kinds of entertainment. Most remarkable of these was the performance there, the only time, we believe, in America, of one of Beethoven's great works, occupying three successive days in the rendering.

Parallel with this, it was the scene of Jenny Lind's first appearance in the New World, before an audience of ten thousand, including the presence of celebrities and notabilities of every rank and degree. There were deadheads, too, in those times, who gratuitously enjoyed the concert from the roof of the Garden by espial at various loop-holes, and others who listened to the Swedish songster afloat in row-boats outside of the Castle walls; which they clearly heard and relished, even from afar on the water, so penetrative was the voice of that marvellous melodist.

Better Times at Hand.

It is opined by many wise managerial prophets that the present depression in theatrical business will pass away and a brighter condition of things set in after the holidays. Hopefulness is one of the marked characteristics of the profession, and the sanguine view may partially be ascribed to that disposition. But we believe in this case there is reason for basing optimistic prognostications on the immediate future. The dullness of the past few weeks was unquestionably due to the stagnant state of trade throughout the country which prevailed in the Summer and early Fall. Business in commercial circles is now, we are glad to say, looking up, and this improvement will make itself felt in theatrical circles, which are, to a great extent, prosperous or the reverse, according to the fluctuations of trade.

The Burning of the Comique.

The burning of the Theatre Comique yesterday morning robs our city of one of its handsomest places of amusement. The fact that the conflagration took place in the daytime corroborates the theory that the risk of fire is always less during the hours of performance than at other times, when watchfulness is relaxed.

Messrs. Harrigan and Hart have our sincere sympathies in this misfortune. Not only do they suffer loss by the destruction of their valuable stock of scenery, properties and wardrobe, but they are seriously damaged by the stoppage of business in the middle of a season which has been one of great profit to them.

But it will not be long before the Comique company will have another habitation. Mr. Harrigan is a shrewd and enterprising spirit, and he will not allow the grass to grow under his feet.

Personal.

DANIELLE.—Above is the handsome face of Mattie Danielle, prima donna of the Kimball Opera company, now playing a four weeks' engagement at Washington. The lady scored a decided hit as Bettina in The Mascotte, on Monday night.

TEMPLETON.—Fay Templeton is seriously ill. Overwork is the cause.

MCCALL.—Lizzie McCall is disengaged. She is residing in Fifth avenue.

EVANS.—Lizzie Evans' second season as a star is scoring better than her first.

KRUEGER.—At times Jacques Krueger's Dreams is like his pipe—won't draw.

BARRETT.—Lawrence Barrett's Blot on the 'Scutcheon is a failure in Washington.

LOTTA.—Since her return Lotta has everywhere received an affectionate welcome.

GILBERT.—William Gilbert, of Daly's company, has recovered from his recent illness.

MORRISON.—Lewis Morrison played his part in Victor Durand at two days' notice, and scored a big hit.

POWELL.—Madam W. T. Powell, of the Richmond (Va.) Theatre, who has been very ill, is much better.

TILLSON.—Hattie Tillson on Monday obtained a judgment with costs against Eric Bayley for salary due her.

FULLER.—Mollie Fuller leaves the Bijou on Saturday. She will probably accompany her husband, Gerald Eyre, to 'Frisco.

DICKSON.—Charles S. Dickson has adapted a piece from the German, with the assistance of Joseph Bradford, for Robson and Crane.

MOODIE.—Louise Moodie, who made a success at Wallack's, will play the leading role in George R. Sims' new play in London.

WED.—Bessie Grey, the itinerant prima donna of the West, was married last week in Chicago to a Mr. Frank, of New York.

DYAS.—Ada Dyas is playing in Boston this week, presenting her famous creation of Mrs. Dick Chetwyn in Young Mrs Winthrop,

WARD.—On her arrival in America, Genevieve Ward will appear in this city in a new play by B. C. Stephenson, author of Impulse.

XMAS.—Our out-of-town staff, one and all unite in showering upon us the best wishes of the season. We take pleasure in reciprocating them.

RICCI.—Bertha Ricci's welcome on her return to the Casino was very flattering. She is the youngest prima donna in the McCaull forces.

HOPPER.—De Wolf Hopper skips around in so frisky a manner in Desiree that he must not be surprised to hear himself called Grasshopper.

NEVADA.—The American prima donna will return to Europe at the close of the season, having three offers to appear in European capitals.

TYLER.—Georgie Tyler, of The Hoop of Gold, has been quite ill of late, at times requiring the attendance of a physician during performances.

ABBEY.—Henry E. Abbey has evidently transferred his residence to London. Last week his mother-in-law and his two children sailed to join him.

SOTHERN.—Eva Sothern recently played a leading role in Just in Time at the Avenue Theatre in London. Her first engagement was in In the Ranks.

STETSON.—John Stetson is still very ill at his home in Boston. Ed. Gilmore, who is constantly informed of his condition, is very anxious about his old friend.

MCCONNELL.—The Haverly Theatre, Chicago, is to be rechristened "McConnell's." The manager is certainly deserving of the compliment, self-bestowed though it be.

GRUBB.—Lillie Grubb wishes to deny the rumor that she is about to leave Rice and Dixey's company. She has been engaged by E. E. Rice for next season at a nice salary.

DARRELL.—Frederic Darrell, the talented juvenile in Lotta's company, returns to London in June. He has not engaged for next season, but will probably come back to America.

HOLLAND.—E. M. Holland replaced Mr. Whiffen as Gibson in The Private Secretary on Monday at the Madison Square. Mr. Whiffen is temporarily with the Young Mrs. Winthrop company in Boston.

CARLETON.—The successful young author, Henry Guy Carleton, will go to England next Summer to superintend rehearsals of The Lion's Mouth by the Irving company. He retains the American right.

CURTIS.—M. B. Curtis gave a holiday dinner at the Clarendon Hotel before leaving to fulfill his engagement at Cleveland. Sam'l of Posen's books showed three weeks ago a balance of $21,000 on the right side.

SEYMOUR.—Blanche Seymour has been engaged by Frank Sanger for his Bunch of Keys company. She is a versatile actress, with a fine voice. Miss Seymour scored a success in comic opera in New Orleans last Summer.

HALL.—Gustavus Hall, formerly baritone of the Emma Abbott company, is spending the holiday season in New York. A few years ago he retired from the profession to become a music teacher in Minneapolis. He will probably again take up his residence here and reenter the operatic ranks.

TYLER.—Odette Tyler, who played the part of Sieba with the Kiralfys, and who is under engagement to the Madison Square for two years, made her first appearance with that management in The Private Secretary on Monday, taking Miss Leslie's place. The latter has been relegated for this week to Boston as the blind girl in Young Mrs. Winthrop.

A Well-Won Triumph.

Fanny Davenport has worked hard to achieve prominence, but she has finally gratified her fondest ambitions, and the thought that fame was not won without the exercise of patience and persistent endeavor must make the enjoyment of her success the heartier. The record of her progress to the envious position of the representative actress of our profession is starred with fine achievements in the fields of comedy, tragedy and melodrama. In such roles as Lady Teazle, Rosalind, Imogen, Lady Gay Spanker, Leah, Nancy Sykes, she had few rivals. But it remained for her triumph as Fedora in Sardou's great play to place her supremacy beyond question. To-day there is not an artist, either in England or this country, who can be ranked with her as an emotional actress—she leads all.

It is not our purpose to dwell upon Miss Davenport's acting as the Russian Princess. It was stamped with the highest critical approval last year, and since then it has not ceased to excite popular interest and elicit the admiration of the most gifted writers on dramatic topics. In selecting a subject for the first-page illustration of this issue of THE MIRROR, our artist has chosen the thrillingly impressive *denouement* of Fedora. The heroine is depicted in the agony of death, an agony so terrible that the witnesses avert or conceal their faces to shut out the sight. It is this tableau which the spectator carries away as the most dramatic incident of the absorbing story of love, hate and revenge.

Miss Davenport has begun an engagement at Niblo's Garden, and it bids fair to rival the two preceding engagements in this city. At the Fourteenth Street Theatre, where Fedora was acted for five weeks recently, there was an uninterrupted succession of crowded houses. Indeed, the season partook of all the features of a first production. As a matter of fact and of figures it was even more profitable than the original engagement in 1883 at the same place of amusement. It is notable that the same people were known to witness the performance again and again, and each time with new evidences of appreciation and enjoyment. The matinees were attended almost exclusively by ladies, the receipts touching night figures. This success is the more gratifying to reflect upon inasmuch as besides the depressing effects of political excitement and the prevailing "hard times," Miss Davenport had two opera companies, Irving and other formidable attractions in opposition. The route for next season is being laid out by Manager Price, who says that he cannot begin to meet all the applications that are being made for dates. So healthy and absolute is the success of the production that we are firmly of the opinion Miss Davenport can play the part of Fedora prosperously as long as she chooses to retain it.

The Hack-Driver's Story.

A LEGEND OF NIAGARA.

After strange wanderings here and there—
Fortune, as usual, fickle as fair—
With Mollie, my patient and sweet little wife,
The star of a clouded and storm-beaten life,
We settled down here in Niagara town.
How well that expresses it! settled here, *down*.
For down we were surely. I think I was born
For better things, honestly. From earliest morn
To late in the evening, at beck and at call
From gentry and common folk—servant of all.
Understand, I'm not grumbling; far from it, sir, for
My Mollie, my beauty, the wife I adore,
Each evening would greet my return with a kiss,
And my neat little home was the picture of bliss.
Then our baby! The sweetest of sweet little chaps,
Still the nearer and dearer for all our mishaps.
Well, sir, one cold evening, 'twas late in the season—
I'd not earned a penny, without rhyme or reason;
For ably I plied all the tricks of our trade,
But not one silver dollar that day had I made;
And, disgusted, I sat on the box. Night was near.
The cold wind was rising, so dismal and drear,
When all of a sudden, with something of fear,
I saw in the shadow two eyes dark and sad.
They held me, appalled me—I cried "Am I mad?"
So strange, so appealing, so piteous they were;
Well, sir, they belonged to a poor, half-starved cur.
He saw, I suppose, the dazed look in my face,
And, with the instinctive tact of his race,
He ran to my side, yelped a piteous appeal
That heart had been harder than mine not to feel
The soft sort of sentiment, foolish or right,
That led me to house the poor mongrel that night.

In the morning I made up my mind he must go,
But Mollie, my dear little woman, said no.
She fancied the brute, and our little one smiled,
And the dog, from the first, was the friend of the child.
And Bruno was grateful, so gentle and true,
So faithful, sweet Mollie, to baby and you.
When I think of those days, those that follow'd them seem
Like the vague, hideous forms of a terrible dream!

Times were hard and I drank. There is all in a word,
That explains—do you see, sir?—just how it occurred.
For when I would noisily stagger home drunk,
I would note how the dog, shrinking from me, has slunk
To his corner, yet with a low growl, and his eyes
Fixed on mine with a look of distrust and surprise.
I sank lower and lower. Want knock'd at the door.
Not the first time, but louder than ever before.
I seem'd changed in my nature; all good had departed,
And Mollie, poor lassie, was nigh broken-hearted.
Besotted, I spent half the day like a log,
With a fierce-growing hate in my heart for the dog,
Though my wife loved old Bruno, and so did the boy—
Till I vowed in revenge the poor brute to destroy.
And so bad bearing rapidly onward to worse,
With Moll broken-hearted and broken in purse,
With a gang of companions as reckless as I,
One day I resolved on a strange cruelty;
For unheeding the piteous demands of my wife,
Who implored me, for her sake, to spare the dog's life;
Unheeding the youngster, and heeding alone
The Fiend who had claimed my lost soul as his own,
A cord 'round the neck of the creature I tied;
My "friends" were awaiting my presence outside.
Delirious with drink, we pursued our mad way;
It was late in November and dark was the day,
The first snow of Winter was falling around,
And lay in soft, feathery flakes on the ground.
In my ears the low thunderous sound of the Falls,
Confused with the last bitter cry of poor Moll's,
And the boisterous laugh of my comrades in sin,
And the howl of poor Bruno—and now we begin
To approach the light bridge, that the rapids spans o'er,
Connecting Goat Island, you know, with the shore;
Now we stand in the centre. Our devilish plan
Is seen in the fiendish delight of each man
As I lift the poor brute, crouching low at my feet,
And he hungs o'er the rapids so fierce and so fleet.
A moment he hangs—then I let go my hold
And he sinks in the torrent so cruel and cold!
Now he rises, he struggles, he fights for his life,
(And still in my ears rings the cry of my wife.)
Now a rock bars his progress to death, and he strives
To cling to its surface—the mad current drives
Him onward—still onward. He turns in despair;
I see his wild eyes, with a horrible glare,
Seeking mine as he reaches the brink. He is o'er!—
And Bruno will trouble his master no more!

With that awful moment all consciousness fled,
And I fell with the snowflakes. They thought I was dead,
And sobered with fear stole each man to the shore,
Save one who remained there, and strove to restore
My soul to my body, nor struggled in vain.
But consciousness brought with it bitterest pain;
All the madness, the hate, all the demon was gone,
For the first time I realized what I had done.
I gazed on the black surging waters; too late
I conceived the mad horror, the terrible fate
Of the poor harmless dog I had cruelly slain,
And I felt on my forehead the red brand of Cain.
My friend in guilt left me. I wandered alone
Through the groves of Goat Island, and sank with a groan
'Neath the tall leafless branches upon the soft snow
There I prayed for that mercy the basest may know.
And the long hours went by till with grief-stricken soul
I returned to my home, as a rat to its hole.

All was silent. My wife with her babe lay in bed,
Both asleep, and the tears that my Mollie had shed
Lay like gems on her lashes. I slunk from the room,
Threw myself on the lounge, strove to pray in the gloom.
And still through the night came the faint, distant roar
Of the horrible cataract. Then o'er and o'er
The strained eyes of poor Bruno seemed stamped on my brain,
And his wild howl of anguish, of terror and pain.
And again that wild b[illegible], till I swear I could hear it!
Can brutes come to haunt us?—a dog have a spirit?
I swear that is Bruno! I hear him again!
O Heaven! has this horror affected my brain?
There! that low, timid whine, as I heard it before,
And a soft, gentle scratch at the sill of the door!
Almost crazed, faint with terror, I rise to my feet,
Ope the door—in comes rushing the snow and the sleet,

And, O God! Am I mad? Crusted over with snow,
Weak and maimed, almost dead, limping sadly and slow,
In he crawls, my poor Bruno! alive after all—
Alive from his terrible leap o'er the Fall!
Did he live? Did I nurse the poor fellow to life?
Did I earn the forgiveness of baby and wife?
Did the dread lesson sober me once and forever,
Add did I continue, with patient endeavor,
To make up to both for the terrible past?
I may safely say, Yes, sir. And Bruno at last
Came to love and forgive me, the trusty old pet!
It just takes a dog to forgive and forget.
My home is a heaven, for all has gone well
Since the day when that fearful adventure befell.

—SYDNEY COWELL.

The Usher.

Mend him who can! *In Ushering*
The ladies call him, sweet.
—LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

Uncle Ben Baker was surprised, on repairing to the rooms of the Actors' Fund in the Theatre Comique building yesterday morning, to find the place in ruins, but he was more disturbed to learn that his vouchers had been consumed. The books, however, are intact in a safe which is sunk beneath a pile of *debris*, and so no material harm is done. Pending the selection of another place, the headquarters of the Fund will be located at THE MIRROR office, where Mr. Baker may be found from 10 to 4 daily.

* * *

A verdict apropos of a recent first-night:

Anxious Playwright (to Yokel): Were there many people in the theatre?

Yokel: Oh, yes; but most of them were on the other side of the footlights.

* * *

Not long ago the *Mercury* was boasting of its tremendous circulation among dramatic people. Now comes the statement that the weekly edition will eschew theatrical matters in future and start in as a rival to the cheap story-papers. Well, I wish it better luck in its new departure than it enjoyed in the old field. I shrewdly surmise, by the bye, that there will be fewer dramatic papers in town six months hence than there are at the present writing. A good many straws are floating about which serve to show the wind is blowing that way. Personally, I don't care one jot if there be five or fifty, for THE MIRROR fully supplies the demands of the profession whose organ it is, and therefore is without real rivalry or opposition. But I think it will be matter for congratulation among managers and actors when the number of publications pretending to be devoted to theatrical interests is reduced—as it will be ere long.

* * *

Fred. Warde has met with frequent discouragement in his efforts to establish himself as a Shakespearean star. He and his company have again gone to the wall. "I regret to have to inform you," he writes, "that my management deemed it expedient to close our season on Saturday last in Philadelphia and bring the company back to New York. The depression of business throughout the country is something appalling." Many stars and combinations are falling by the roadside. The times certainly are hard, but it is only the weak that go under. The strongest, if not always the fittest, survive.

* * *

Although Joseph Brooks feels the depression as much as anybody else, he puts on a smiling face and even passes jocular remarks on the situation.

"I'm retrenching," said he the other night at the Star Theatre. "I haven't taken liquid refreshment in two months and I haven't visited a barber in two weeks. Having stopped drinking and shaving, it only remains now to stop eating."

A good many managers and actors are debating whether that last alternate is not feasible.

* * *

"I object to one-night stands," said a charming female member of the disbanded Hazel Kirke company to me the other day, "because they tend to the loss of one's self-respect. Why, before we closed our tour we visited hamlets—towns is too good a word to describe them—where no legitimate dramatic company ever penetrated before. The theatres only needed horses to be called stables, and at the hotels (probably the result of unpleasant experiences with variety and minstrel troupes we were dubbed show-folks, given the worst possible fare and relegated to the most uncomfortable rooms. Under these dreadfully uncongenial surroundings is it strange that we began to look upon ourselves as so many vagabonds? One-night stands are degrading in their influence upon the profession, and that's not only my honest opinion but that of scores of others."

The Two Louises.

The unprofitable season of The Outcast, which closed at the Fourteenth Street Theatre on Saturday night, was also attended by lack of harmony in the company. Louise Balfe, a young actress who has failed in nothing she has undertaken during the last few seasons, assigned was the secondary female role—a consumptive young woman—a sort of Camille. So well did she play it that the press and public pronounced it the star part. This aroused the jealousy of Louise Pomeroy, the star. The ladies had frequent quarrels. Reflections were cast upon Miss Balfe's conduct behind the scenes. Her friends indignantly deny that she was at any time guilty of misconduct. From what we know of Miss Balfe, she is an exemplary woman and a devoted wife and mother. She is a painstaking actress, ambitious and hard-working—sometimes working too hard for her strength. Dr. Robertson and other physicians testify that for some time her health has not been good.

Miss Pomeroy objected to Miss Balfe's dressing of the part of Athole, the consumptive, and compelled her to modify it. She also cut out some of the strongest lines, thus marring effective scenes. As Miss Balfe had received only ten dollars on account of salary during the tour, she naturally objected to the blotting of an artistic success that was some compensation for the pecuniary default. So on Saturday she refused to go on at the matinee unless some of her salary was paid. A substitute was called in and the play proceeded.

The Theatre Comique Burned

Harrigan and Hart's handsome theatre, the Comique, was burned to the ground yesterday morning. It was discovered to be on fire at about 8 o'clock, and in two hours the destruction was complete. There was not a dollar of insurance on the theatre or its contents. Messrs. Harrigan and Hart watched the destruction of their property from the parlors of the New York Hotel. Mr. Harrigan said: "Mr. Hart and myself lose everything but hope, ambition and friends."

The fire, which must have been gaining headway long before the alarm was sent out, burst from all parts of the building. Second and third alarms were quickly sent out. It was apparent to Chief Shay that there was not the slightest hope of saving the theatre or any part of it, and the attentions of the firemen were directed to the Colonnade Hotel, adjoining the theatre on the south.

Opinions differ as to the origin of the fire, and there is also some disagreement as to the time the smoke was first seen to issue from the building. Mr. Harrigan thinks the fire must have started in the rear, near the stage, but the weight of evidence seems to indicate that it had its origin in a room over the entrance, and a little further north than the centre of the building.

At the New York Hotel yesterday many of the members of Harrigan and Hart's company gathered, gazing disconsolately at the smoking ruins. Every member of the company has sustained losses, in the shape of wardrobe or musical instruments, and these losses vary from $1,000 to $100 apiece. Johnny Wild lost his valuable wardrobe that he has been collecting for the last twenty years, and which in its completeness for his peculiar line of business was unequaled. It cannot be replaced, and he estimates his loss at $1,000. Annie Yeamans loses her wardrobe, valued at $600.

The Actors' Fund occupied a suite of rooms on the second floor of the building. They were handsomely furnished and many valuable pictures decorated the walls. The books and money of the association were in the safe in the rooms, and everything was swallowed up by the flames. The safe in the office of the treasurer of the theatre contained some $2,000, mostly of the receipts of last night's performance, and the manuscript of some of Mr. Harrigan's plays. The rest of Mr. Harrigan's plays he kept safely at his home in Perry street.

Mr. Braham, leader of the orchestra, lost the scores, not only of all his music that has been already published, but also the scores of many unpublished pieces. It was his custom, after the performance concluded, to take home with him a valuable violin, which was worth $500. As the rehearsal last night continued to so late an hour, he left the violin at the theatre. When he was informed of the fire his first thought was for his instrument, and he exclaimed excitedly, "Oh, save my fiddle!"

It is not thought that the theatre will be rebuilt—by Harrigan and Hart, at least. It was rumored that the comedians would take temporary possession of either the Fourteenth Street or the Star Theatre.

The property is owned by the A. T. Stewart estate. A gentleman who has considerable knowledge of the value of Broadway property said: "The theatre property was probably worth $400,000. It would have brought that sum at public auction before the fire. It was rented to Harrigan and Hart at low figure on condition that they should pay half the cost of improvement. The rent was $16,000, and it is fair to presume that under the special conditions made this would represent about four per cent. on the value of the property. This would make the figure I have stated. It was not the custom of A. T. Stewart to insure any of his buildings. He held that a thorough system of watching was more effective and less expensive than insurance. I do not believe that Judge Hilton has varied from this programme, and the probabilities are that he had no insurance whatever."

The structure has had a varied and checkered history. Some forty years ago a handsome stone church edifice was erected on the ground by the Unitarians. It was called the Church of the Messiah. For years it was the principal church of that denomination in this city. Rev. Dr. Osgood was the last clergyman who occupied its pulpit. At the end of the war the congregation moved to their new edifice at Thirty fourth street and Park avenue, where Rev. Robert Collyer now preaches. The doors of the church were then closed, and they so remained till the following year, when the house was opened as a place of amusement under the name of Miss Lucy Rushton's Theatre. It was said at the time that A. T. Stewart backed Miss Rushton with capital, but she could not make the house pay, and she retired after sinking a large sum of money.

The Misses Irene, Jennie and Sophie Worrell next starred at the house, but their career was of short duration. In their time the establishment was known as the Globe Theatre. Mr. Augustin Daly was their manager. When the Worrell Sisters retired the house was again closed, and after the lapse of some months Sandy Spencer rented it. This was in 1868. He tore down the tower of the church, and deprived it of its ecclesiastical appearance, and gave a variety show for one season. He was succeeded by John Stetson, who also conducted a variety business for a brief period. Augustin Daly then took it for a time, after the fire in the Fifth Avenue Theatre. Robert Heller, the prestidigitateur, followed him, and he in turn was succeeded by a travelling circus.

"Every manager who took the house lost money in it until the appearance of Harrigan and Hart, who at once made a great success," said G. L Stout, the stage manager. "Three years ago last August we opened with The Major. We followed with Squatter Sovereignty. The second season we gave The Blackbird and McSorley's Inflation. Last season we gave the Mulligan Guard Ball and the Mulligan Guard Picnic. The season was ended with Cordelia's Aspirations and Dan's Tribulations. This season was opened with Investigation, and McAllister's Legacy was in rehearsal and was announced for Jan. 5."

Harrigan and Hart have secured temporary headquarters at the Sinclair House.

Knowles and Morris' Season.

"This season," said Edward Knowles to a MIRROR man, "has not been so successful for us as last, but we have made money all the same. You wonder how we did so during such a generally bad season? Well, because both Colonel Morris and myself pay attention to every detail. Our theatre is conducted on business principles only. We laid down a policy and stood by it. I look after the rear of the house and he attends to the front. The consequence is that everything is in first-class condition. We have forty attaches, and our scenery and plant is extensive.

"Occasionally we produce pieces ourselves, always opening the season with a stock company for two weeks. I myself have not studied a part in four years, and have no desire to return to acting; but I play with Daly's company in Pique on Dec. 29."

"Do you think that the dime museums affect your business?" asked the reporter.

"They affect the gallery a little. The Grand Opera House gallery holds 1,100 people. On Thanksgiving Day Oliver Doud Byron played to 4,415 people. I don't think that the proximity to New York hurts our business at all. Speaking of Summer business, we are undecided whether we will give a season of comic opera."

The Actors' Fund.

Owing to the burning down of Harrigan and Hart's Theatre Comique, the benefit committee of the Actors' Fund were obliged to meet at the offices of the Madison Square Theatre.

Expression of sympathy was made toward Messrs. Harrigan and Hart in their loss, and the Secretary was ordered to transmit the same by letter.

As heretofore announced, the benefit to take place at Daly's Theatre on Jan. 8 will consist of performances by Daly's, Wallack's, the Madison Square and Union Square stock companies.

Many of the papers and much of the correspondence of the Fund was burned in the offices, but the books were preserved in a fireproof safe.

In the meantime, as the Fund has no office, the offer of Harrison Grey Fiske, the Secretary, of a room at No. 12 Union Square, was accepted with thanks, and Assistant-Secretary Baker was instructed to use the same until a new office had been secured.

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

The American Girl.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 23.—Grace Hawthorne closed on Sunday night one of the most brilliant engagements ever played in this city. During the week she appeared in The New Camille, East Lynne, Frou-Frou and Miss Multon, scoring a great hit in each. On Saturday evening she was rewarded with nine recalls, and was presented with a number of handsome floral offerings. In response to repeated demands she made a neat speech.

Miss Hawthorne has undoubtedly established herself as a great favorite. Her reception amounted to an ovation, and it was well deserved. She is an American girl who has won on her merits alone. W. C. MITCHELL.

Miss Morris' Southern Tour.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

ATLANTA, Ga., Dec. 23.—Every seat taken and standing-room in great demand at Clara Morris' performances. Article 47 and Miss Multon were presented, in which Miss Morris held her audiences spell-bound. Such a rush was never before known here. Greater ovation never tendered an American actress.

The Kimball Opera Company.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

WASHINGTON, Dec, 23.—The Kimball Opera company had a very successful opening last night. Miss Kimball is delighted over the success of her venture. The Mascotte was presented, with Mattie Danielle as Bettina.

An Event of the Season.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

PITTSBURG, Dec. 23.—The event of the season was Henry Irving's first appearance in this city, which occurred last night. The Opera House was crowded with an audience composed of our best people, whose approval of the performance of Louis XI. was marked by frequent calls before the curtain. The audience remained clamorous at the final curtain, until Mr. Irving appeared and bade them good night.

Seven Ravens, at Library Hall, had a good house. Kernells, at Academy, large. Harris' Museum, large.

Her Lsat Hope.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

READING, Pa., Dec. 23.—Her Last Hope, produced here last night, made a hit. Edna Courtney, Will. Cowper and Charles G. Craig surpassed themselves. House carried by storm.
THEALL AND WILLIAMS.

Manager Bidwell, of New Orleans, is desirous of securing Dixey's Adonis for about six weeks during the Exposition, but the star is anxious to remain at the Bijou. It depends upon the coming two weeks' business. Free transportation and back is offered for the company. Rice says he has the theatre until next May, and will produce some new piece; but certain stars have been offered time there in February, and it is difficult to learn the real state of affairs.

Professional Doings.

—Ada Gray has benefited greatly by her long rest.

—Janish is engaged to Frank L. Gardner for three years.

—The title of Rhea's new play is An American Countess.

—Fred. Williams has been engaged by the Lyceum School.

—William Hamilton has begun suit against John A. McCaull.

—Fred. Warde returned to town with his company on Monday.

—John T. Raymond claims that he is $12,000 ahead this season.

—Eben Plympton is in the city again, having returned from St. Louis.

—On Jan. 19 Victor Durand will be produced at the Boston Theatre.

—Sara Neville has joined Brooks and Dickson's In the Ranks company.

—Ed. Gilmore still retains a small interest in the Fourteenth Street Theatre.

—Charles Hoyt lately made his debut as an actor, appearing in his Rag Baby.

—Isabel Morris leaves for San Francisco to join Al. Hayman's stock company.

—The French Opera House, New Orleans, is for rent for the Exposition season.

—Harley Merry has just completed a new set of scenery for The Devil's Auction.

—Margaret Mather will play in the neighborhood of New York during January.

—Fanny Mountcastle's Sea of Ice company is reported to be frozen at Hannibal, Mo.

—The Bandmann-Beaudet tragedy company is doing a lively business in the museums.

—Irving's receipts during his late engagement in New York reached, it is said, $69,000.

—Nelson Wheatcroft is re-engaged by Bartley Campbell for next season at an increased salary.

—Cromie Hynson is playing Harold Wilmot in A Mountain Pink, supporting Laura Dainty.

—It is rumored that Harry Sargent will shortly take up the reins of Janauschek's management.

—Pauline Markham will soon go West. She has arranged to play several weeks in San Francisco.

—The booking of seats for Victor Durand is very large, and there is prospect of a six weeks' run.

—Augustus Pitou is on his old stamping-ground, Toronto, where Off to Egypt is playing this week.

—Lizzie Evans opened a new opera house in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, last Thursday night to a $650 house.

—Having made a pronounced hit, Leon and Cushman's engagement at Koster and Bial's has been extended.

—It is said that Lizzie McCall will take Lizzie Derious' place in Vacation, while the latter is having a rest.

—Owing to Grace Hawthorne's St. Louis success, a city manager is negotiating for a metropolitan appearance.

—Charles Frew has been photographed in several positions as the Private Tutor. His make-up is extraordinary.

—Kathleen Lynne arrived from England last week. She had gone home for her health, which has been recovered.

—Brianza, Kiralfys' premiere danseuse, has signed for three years longer. She intends making America her home.

—Emma Steiner is making quite a metropolitan reputation in the orchestration of music and adapting it to opera.

—Adeline Stanhope is busy making arrangements to produce her new play, by Nelson Wheatcroft, early in the new year.

—Mose Fiske says that in his long experience he never knew such dull times, and inquiringly asks: "What is to become of us?"

—Jennie Kimball returned to the city on Tuesday, having seen her operatic scheme safely launched on Monday night at Washington.

—The Standard Theatre was lighted by electricity on Sunday afternoon, in the presence of a number of managers and newspaper men.

—Ada Booth, having fallen into possession of a small fortune, has quit acting for the present. She will go to Europe shortly to study.

—Walker Whiteside, the juvenile actor, whose recent effort in the legitimate did not meet with success, begins another tour on Jan. 1.

—Manager Colville has arranged with Professor Cromwell to give the latter's Art Entertainment at the Fourteenth Street Theatre on Sundays.

—Correspondents will please return their credentials for renewal not later than Jan. 5. Letters in regard to this matter cannot be answered.

—Manager McCaull is anxiously seeking the address or whereabouts of Kate Castleton, with a view, it is supposed, to engage her in comic opera.

—Sadie Martinot was placed under salary Dec. 15, as the Lyceum management do not wish her to appear anywhere else before the theatre opens.

—It is really the fact that the best attractions are at present drawing beggarly benches—that is, on occasion. No wonder salaries are dwindling,

—Charles S. Dickson, near the close of the season intends, appearing in a comedy called Dandreary's Son, which has been especially written for him.

—The May Blossom company was unable to reach St. Louis in time to open on Monday night, being detained by heavy snowstorms en route from St. Paul.

—Bertha Lynton, Amy Glover, Lottie Mortimer, the Deyo Children and Escalona have been engaged by Harry Siddons for his Acme Burlesque company.

—Lizzie La Barre, late of the Madison Square, has signed with the Private Tutor company. The season opens in Philadelphia on Monday, Dec. 29.

—Sydney Cowell and Raymond Holmes have combined forces and will take out a burlesque company next season, with a farce by Fred. Marsden, upon the style of Hobbies and Dreams. Holmes is going on the road with Nice and Warm. Miss Cowell will attend to business in the meantime.

—J. M. Johnson closed with Hyde and Behman's Minstrels in Philadelphia, and joined Carncros for rest of the season, at Matt. Wheeler's place.

—William Seymour, character actor and stage director, is at liberty. He is giving his time to private instruction and superintending amateur performances.

—James T. Powers has been specially engaged by Augustus Harris for the Drury Lane (London) pantomime, and has postponed his departure for Australia.

—A Boston Girl is the title of Edward Witting's play. It is on the *tapis* that it will be produced by the Stafford-Foster company, of which he is the manager.

—Little All-Right, the Jap, has been sojourning at Hot Springs. If he is the original Jacobs, he must by this time present a sort of dried-codfish appearance.

—The Minnie Maddern management say that Caprice played to a very large business last week in Philadelphia. Play and star pleased the Philadelphians.

—Hyde and Behman's Dime Museum and Menagerie is not doing the business that was expected. It seems to be too far up town for the class of entertainment.

—Dion Boucicault has still another new drama to produce. It is called Faugh-a—something, and the plot is laid somewhere abroad—probably in Ireland.

—Newton Chisnell, playing leading comedy business with Aimee, gets the lion's share of applause for the portrayal of the theatrical manager in difficulties.

—A new dramatic school has been opened in Chicago on the plan of the Lyceum School here. The professors are not so distinguished and the chairs not so numerous.

—Edward Harrigan is holding all day rehearsals of McAllister's Legacy. He is determined that there shall be no hitch on Jan. 5, the date fixed for its production.

—Manager W. A. Edwards says that he is satisfied that Nice and Warm will be a "go" on the road. It is made more of a farcical comedy than at the Union Square.

—Mrs. Langtry will open shortly at the Princess' Theatre, London, under the management of Henry E. Abbey, in a new play by Comyns Carr and H. C. Stephenson.

—Lady Archibald Campbell, who is related by marriage to the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise, is the latest amateur who intends adopting the stage as a profession.

—At the benefit to be given to Mrs. Vincent, the veteran actress, in Boston, in the Spring, the *pièce de resistance* will be The Rivals, in which she will appear as Mrs. Malaprop.

—Raymond Holmes met with an accident while playing in New Haven recently. He slipped and fell at the Opera House, spraining his wrist and fracturing one or two small bones.

—The agitation for the reduction of the prices of admission and seats in theatres will meet with the strongest opposition from some managers. The Mallorys are very much opposed to it.

—Ixion is under consideration by E. E. Rice and Henry Dixey as a successor to Adonis. The comedian has a number of ideas which he thinks would make a revival of the burlesque go very well.

—J. W. Pigott has been engaged by Lester Wallack to play Septimus Tubb in Victor Durand. This is the part young Buckstone made such a hit in. Victor Durand will start on the road Jan. 19.

—Marius de Lazare complains of the manner in which the operetta Gandolfo was presented at the Comedy Theatre on Thursday last. He has made several changes in it, and it now runs smoothly.

—Lewis Morrison is under contract to appear in Shadows of a Great City with Hayman's stock company in San Francisco, but since the success of Victor Durand he would like to remain at Wallack's.

—The Star, Bijou, People's and Fourteenth Street theatres have lately given Sunday concerts, while the Thalia, Casino and Grand Opera House provide Sunday evening entertainments as a regular thing.

—W. A. Edwards pays Shook and Collier a royalty for the use of the name "Union Square Theatre" on the Nice and Warm printing. Mr. Edwards denies that John A. Stevens is interested in the company or play.

—Kyrle Bellew has taken the Olympic Theatre, London, from Mrs. Conover, and will open with Called Back. Henry Guy Carlton's play, Victor Durand, will in all likelihood be one of the first productions.

—N. D. Long will assist in the production of Romany Rye and The Shadows of a Great City at the California Theatre. Gerald Eyre was to have left for San Francisco on Sunday, but his departure is postponed.

—Mrs. James Brown Potter will be a member of a permanent amateur company which will be attached to the new Lyceum company as a palliative for the departure from the original programme—an amateur theatre.

—Alma Stuart Stanley replaces Mrs. McKee Rankin in the cast of Brought to Justice at the Third Avenue to-day. The company will play their way West after leaving New York, and are booked to appear in San Francisco on Feb. 23.

—John Rickaby undertook the management of The Pavements of Paris early in the Summer, and although wiseacres predicted a failure, he has handled it so skillfully that he has done good business even during a very unfortunate season.

—Manager McNamara, of the Callender Minstrels, called at THE MIRROR office to state that the impression still prevails that more than one Callender company exists. There is but one company now—owned by Charles Callender.

—The Aronsons have made all their arrangements for management of the Casino after McCaull leaves in May. They decline as yet, however, to state what their policy will be. It is said that Florence St. John and Frederick Leslie are engaged for the new company.

—John P. Smith, referring to his management of R. E. Graham, in Max, said yesterday: "I close my connection with the company on Saturday next. The venture has been a loss. I believe Mr. Graham intends continuing his tour under his own management.

—On Friday a stranger annoyed Joseph Shook in the Morton House by personal insults upon him. Mr. Shook tried to shake him off, but the stranger would not. Shook's patience exhausted, the doughty Joseph laid aside his cane and punched the stranger's head.

Some Interesting Relics.

BY GEORGE EDGAR MONTGOMERY.

It chanced the other day that certain manuscripts, which have at least a sentimental value, fell into my hands. They are the posthumous sketches and plays of Charles B. Seymour, a dramatic critic of distinction several years ago, and one of the most brilliant writers associated with the New York *Times* when that paper was conducted by Raymond. There have been few critics of the stage who could be safely compared with Seymour for integrity and culture and talent in this country. He had a sprightly style, broad knowledge of drama and music, independence of character which made him a thoroughly honest writer, and a grace of manner that fitted his nature—which was the nature of a gentleman. Many writers who are now toiling in newspaper offices—some of them were friends together in a younger and brighter time—knew Seymour intimately. William Winter, for instance, was one of his most cherished friends, and Mr. Winter can tell several amusing and delightful anecdotes about Seymour. The two men wrote much of their dramatic criticism under the same lamp and over the same pot of black coffee. Seymour was an amazingly fast writer, and his fluency did little injury to his style. He was, I imagine, a warm friend without being a bitter enemy. His mind was sympathetic and receptive. As a critic he was not disposed to run in grooves or "take sides" belligerently. I read, only last week, his first article on Fechter—and nothing could be more lucid, spirited and thoughtfully just than his description of that brilliant and original player. It was Seymour's misfortune to lose life when life promised most to him. It was his misfortune, also, to leave hardly anything, save his newspaper records, behind him. Like other gifted and celebrated journalists, he drowned thought [illegible] in the deep river of the [illegible] in the existence of a [illegible] the effort of a previous day.

O[illegible]refore, feeling a strange ple[illegible]oks through the yellowed, unpu[illegible]script of this dead journalist. I am sure that those who were his friends and fellow-laborers will be glad to know that the manuscript exists, and they, better than myself, can place a value upon it. There are eight manuscripts. One is a sketch, critical and biographical, entitled Rossini; another is a descriptive article, or essay, without a title; then there are articles called "A Character of England, and No Mistake," and "The Noblest Roman of Them All;" finally there is the synopsis for a play or romance and there are three plays—a one-act farce, Dinner and Dessert; in spectacle-drama, Crichton, the Admirable Scot, and an unnamed drama in two acts.

So far as it is known, none of these manuscripts have found their way yet into print, and for that reason I am tempted to make a few quotations from them. They are neatly written and arranged. Only one of them seems to be in an unfinished and confused state.

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The farce, Dinner and Dessert, is a vivacious trifle, in the main well-written and skilfully arranged. Its hero, Hunter Savage, is a kind of Dazzle, and his object in the play is to get a Christmas dinner at all hazards and at somebody else's expense. At the opening Mr. Hunter arrives mournfully in Union Square, and delivers himself of the following amusing monologue: "Christmas day, and no invitation to dinner! No, not one. Seriously speaking, it is positively frightful. To dine alone on Christmas day! Why, I never did it in all my life, and I know if I try it now that I shall cry into my soup. What attraction can Shelly's present to me on such a day as this! A solitary box, with a solitary man in it eating a solitary piece of plum-pudding and drinking a desolate glass of sherry out of a lonely decanter! Ugh! What a prospect for me, Hunter Savage, on a Christmas day! I can't think what's coming over the world lately. I made three distinct attempts to dine out to-day, and I failed in every one. There's Mrs. Jones, of Waverly Place—nice woman—charming dinners—she always asks me, and not receiving this time the usual satin-paper cocked hat, sealed with what I took to be a plum pudding in sealing-wax until Mrs. Jones informed me it was a model of the earth—not receiving any little intimation of this kind, I thought I'd go and see if there wasn't some mistake. So I did. And as I turned down the street my nostrils were assailed with the enchanting odors of roast beef. It was sirloin—unadulterated sirloin. I would know the smell among a thousand. I hastened on and rapped at the door. I knew that Mrs. Jones would be delighted to see me—because, you see, she and I—that is, I and she—you understand—but don't tell! Well, I rapped at the door, and during the brief interval I stood upon the steps I dined deliciously, in imagination. The door was opened—I inquired for Mrs. Jones. Now, what do you think was the reply that the grinning footman gave me? Mrs. Jones was out of town, and I had smelt the servants' dinner. I tried the Robinsons next. They were very friendly, but very sorry. Their chimney had taken fire and the dinner was spoiled. Then I tried the Smiths—formal people—but feed well. There I was shown up; but egad! in ten minutes I was shown out. They were as cold as the snow upon their doorstep. Pleasant prospect left to me—to dine alone on Christmas Day. Heigho! [Walks around and stops at the area of a house.] There's dinner going on here. [Smells.] I smell it. I wish I could see it. [Tries to look over the railings.] Yes, there it is. How delicious! There's a black sirloin roasting a large cook. Pooh! hang it!—I mean there's a black cook roasting a large sirloin. And such a one! A giant among joints. Such symmetry, such grease—I mean grace—so delicately brown, so juicy, so tender, so—but I'm resolved, my mind's made up. [Comes front.] I will dine off that sirloin to-day, this very day. I wonder whose house it is? Rather stylish exterior,; wonder if they're hospitable people, whether they'd mind a fellow dropping in on them in a friendly way? Wonder if they've got a son in California? Good excuse for introduction. I could say that I met him in the 'diggins' and that he had a coal-hole full of gold dust. I wonder—but what's the use of wondering? There's no time to be lost. 'Time is money,' says the merchant, 'Time is dinner,' say I. The sirloin must be done. So must my soliloquy. Hunter Savage! screw up your courage to the diving-point, and, if you are refused, say, like Francis the First at the battle of Paris, 'I was all a mistake.'"

This is not an inappropriate extract for the [illegible] period, and it is the prelude to a [illegible] little Christmas farce.

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It would be pleasant to write something in praise of Seymour's most elaborate play, the spectacle-drama with a most elaborate title: "Critchton, the Admirable Scot; or, Two Days and Two Nights in the History of France During the Reign of Henri III. and his Mother, Catherine de Medicis, in the year of Our Lord, 1579." The author's name is given as E. B. Moore The piece is a complete mass of old-fashioned romantic drama—with duels, hairbreadth escapes, plots, counter-plots, and villains, in superabundance. Seymour must have laughed himself at this portentous hodge-podge. He had too keen a sense of humor not to see how ridiculous it was. There are about thirty characters in Crichton, and one must read with sharp eye and alert senses to discover why they do what they do. The following song, sung by one of the characters, is worth quoting as a curiosity:

A song I'll write on
Matchless Crichton:
In wit a bright one,
Form a slight one,
Love a light one!
Who talketh Greek with us
Like great Busbequius;
Knoweth the Cabala
Well as Mirandola;
Reasoneth like Socrates,
Or old Xenocrates;
Whose system ethical,
Sound, dialectical,
Aristotelian,
Pantagruelian,
Like to chameleon,
Choppeth and changeth,
Everywhere rangeth;
Who rides like Centaur,
Preacheth like Mentor;
Drinks like Szæus,
Sings like Tyrtæus,
Reads like Budæus,
Vaulteth like Theccero,
Pursueth like Zucchero,
Diceth like Spaniard,
Dances like Galliard,
Tilts like Orlando,
Does all men can do;
Whose rare prosperity,
Grace, and dexterity,
Courage, temerity,
Shall, for a verity,
Puzzle posterity.

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In his essays and sketches, Seymour is often quaint and always entertaining. For example, he begins one of his essays: "Some one says that the world is composed of parallelograms, or, in other and shorter words, that society is divided into streaks like a rasher of bacon. We may, therefore, reasonably suppose that whilst it is the good fortune of one portion of the community to enjoy the fat, it is the ill-luck of another to have nothing but the sparse and lean. A moment's glance at the map of New York will convince the skeptical that there is something more than quaintness in this philosophy. There you have the rashers as neatly laid out as if they had come from the butcher's block instead of the engraver's. A person of active imagination, or of culinary fancy, may even perceive an approximation to a gridiron in the cross-streets on which the long ones seem to frizzle." Here is a good piece of sense, selected from another sketch: "There is nothing in the world so apt to be misunderstood as the quality of mercy. In nine out of the ten cases where it is displayed, the chances are in favor of its being mistaken for a less amiable quality—as a back-out, as an exhibition of the feather known as white, or at all events as an evidence that one lacks firmness of purpose. Now, as the reputation for firmness is the common vanity of mankind, no one wishes to have that quality impeached in his own individual case." The following is more imaginative: "The wings of love, I am told, are swift; so it is apparent that I was not borne on them. And yet I do not believe that the wings of love are swift. I have made the matter a study, and have seen two creatures hovering round each other like hummingbirds amid the perfume of flowers. I have seen them tremblingly touch each other with their beaks, and noticed how their hues mingled with the glorious beams of day, as if they belonged to the sky rather than to the dull earth. But I have never in my life seen a genuine lover dart at his sweetheart like a sparrow-hawk, and peck at her ravenously as a bird with swift wings might be expected to do."

In a half-facetious biography of Rossini, Seymour depicts the character and genius of of that remarkable composer with critical sincerity: "Whatever may be his defects, he has achieved a world-known position, and it must be respected by everyone who has a sentiment for chaste and pleasing melody. To serious music he gave a new impetus, and proved, like Charles Dickens in literature, that to be serious it was not necessary to be slow. In comic opera he has scarcely had a rival, and for vivacity and sparkling wit cannot be surpassed. He is deficient as a dramatic composer, for the reason that he has no deep sentiment, no strong emotion to guide him. He has been a trifler all his life, and is trifling. Occasionally he realizes a situation with great vigor; but it is the accident of genius, not the consequence."

Menken as Camille.

BY J. M. SCANLAND.

The impressions formed on attending a theatre for the first time is perhaps the most lasting of any event in one's life. It marks a mile-stone, or turning-point, in the memory. With the exception of one circus and several camp-meetings, I had never attended any place of amusement, until I found myself present at a "concert" given by the talented Adah Isaacs Menken, Mr. Menken, her husband, and her sister Josephine.

It was in the Summer of 1856, at Shreveport, La. The trio had started out on the road, and after playing at Alexandria, visited our city. While at Alexandria Josephine cowhided a man for talking about her, and this advertised the troupe in Shreveport. The house—or, rather, the room—was crowded. The concert was given in the second story of a warehouse on the levee. Josephine was taller and of coarser features than Mrs. Menken, yet she was also very pretty and graceful. Mr. Menken played the violin, Mrs. Menken sang solos and also in duets with Josephine, and the latter did an extra turn in dancing in rather abbreviated costume, almost approaching our Cornalba or De Rosa. Being election year, patriotic songs were the popular card. Mrs. Menken sang one dedicated to Buchanan and Breckenridge, and Josephine advocated Fillmore and Donaldson in her musical melange.

These handsome, voluptuous women "caught the town," and after a short tour in Eastern Texas, the "old favorites" returned.

In a few months, the first theatrical company that ever played in Shreveport came up from New Orleans under the management J. S Charles, who afterward commanded a company in the Fifth Louisiana Regiment of Confederates. Miss Menken was the star, Charles, the leading man; T. J. Herndon, comedian; G. M. Ryder, old man; Mrs. Lynde, old woman; Lizzie Lindsey, soubrette—who would assist the entertainment by dancing between the drama and the farce.

The "theatre" was in a hall over a carriage-shop. The building is still standing. To say that the town was wild over Menken's beauty, grace and talent, is putting it mild; for aside from her dramatic abilities, she wrote poetry for the local paper, the *Gazette*, some of which screeds she preserved and incorporated in her volume of poems. I was then a shining light in a Sunday-School, and held the nominal position of vice-president of some kind of a missionary outfit. It was against my creed to go to the "play house," but I would rob the graveyard to take bouquets through the stage-door to Menken; for I was a printer's devil, and had *entree* to all parts of the house.

My "opening night" was Camille. This was Menken's favorite role, and in playing it she but enacted a portion of her own sad life. She played it with marked realism. That event will never be effaced from my memory. I can more distinctly recall it than any other in my life. She seemed so earnest that even now I almost sympathize with her in her imaginary sufferings. After twenty-eight years I see the beautiful and talented woman—the ill-fated star of destiny—reigning as the queen of the Parisians, and the graceful, courtly Captain Charles, as Armand, faultlessly attired and in white kid gloves, paying court to his devoted Camille! And, again, the versatile Herndon endeavoring to enliven the spirits of the fast-dying Camille.

But when she lay on her death-bed, and died so naturally, and Charles cried so pathetically, declaring that his heart was broken, I was also "broken up," and went home that night firmly believing that Menken was dead, and that Charles was very sick—so sick that he could play no more, and that there would be no more theatre.

I could not understand it next day when I saw the two going to rehearsal. I ran to the office to report the strange revivification, thinking that our paper would have a "beat" on the rival sheet. The general laugh was at my expense, and the next night I heard Fazio doomed to death with the most stoical indifference. I soon "caught on," and criticised as learnedly as the oldest theatre goer.

But my first impressions at a theatre are the most lasting of any in my life, and will never be forgotten.

An Actor's Christmas Eve.

BY FRANK C. HIGGINS.

I.

"Five minutes!" The brusque, business-like voice of the prompter echoed through the dreary passage leading to the dressing-rooms below, and, vibrating across the stage, it caused the not over exertive stage hands to nearly trip over their big roll of carpet in nervous haste to accomplish a task which should have been finished five minutes before. The little bell tinkled out from its perch over the gas-machine; Herr Zweibach, before the dingy curtain, gave a few preliminary scrapes, while the cornet-a-piston tooted responsively for a second or two, and the overture had fairly begun.

Mr. Jack Hunter, comedian, utility, first or second, anything that would put an honest dollar into the often empty pocket, pulled the refractory red wig into the proper tilt over his left eye, carefully displayed the huge bandanna from his redundant coat tail, and turned down his light within its wire guard, as he jauntily stepped from the door of his little dressing-box toward the stage.

It was Christmas Eve. "Hook and Dolliver's Sidewalks of New York Combination, Number Two," was to be read from the gaily colored posters and gaudy lithographs which were to be seen displayed on every fence, dead wall and in every shop window the busy little town of Marshfield afforded, while the pictures on some of the "lithos" actually represented "Mr. John Hunter in his own creation of Reddy the Knife-Grinder," rescuing a baby from under the wheels of a swift-rushing fire-engine.

It was in the second act that this realistic scene was supposed to occur; but in the first the baby was to be seen in the quiet repose of its home life, and this was the reason why Jack heard the excited exclamation of the prompter—who, by force of circumstances, was also a sort of deputy stage-director—to the property-man, that "kids" wern't to be depended on, anyhow. Why didn't you attend to it an hour ago."

"The woman always brings it herself, and she's never disappointed us yet. We send her word soon as we get the plots."

"Where's your dummy?"

"Never had no use for one. She's right in the next alley."

"Here, Jim."

But Jim was hastily screwing on the gas-connection with the big fireplace in the "left upper," and did not or would not heed. Just then Mr. Jack Hunter appeared in the wing, behind his most artistic expression of utter amazement, and in a second's time had ample cause for it, being unceremoniously bundled out for the "next alley" as the disgusted Herr Zweibach, who in vain listened for the second ring, signalled a repetition of the noisy overture.

Over a pile of sooty snow, into a pool of equally discolored and icy water, and through several succeeding and not a whit pleasanter drifts, hurried Mr. Jack Hunter into the next alley to the house indicated by the property-man.

It was a low, weather-beaten frame structure of two stories in height, whose warped, unpainted clap-boards and shaky window-frames spoke little of warmth or comfort within. The upper part of the house was reached by a narrow side-door and a flight of rickety stairs. As he approached this entrance a little girl, with a faded shawl partly over her head and shoulders, and partly enveloping a wee bundle of humanity, emerged therefrom, and without hesitation piped out in a shrill voice: "Be you one of the actor-folks? I was a just going to bring it over. I'm afeared *she's* too bad to go herself." And, accepting the unmistakably antiquated cut of Jack's, or rather Reddy's, garments as a perfectly satisfactory proof of his responsibility, the little girl resigned the burden, shawl and all, into his arms, and watched him as he fled, half running, half stumbling, back to the stage-door.

II.

At last, as the impatience of the audience grew almost beyond bounds, the curtain rolled up. Mr. Jack Hunter, in his graphic portrayal of the daily and holi-daily life of the typical New York street-crier was, among other things, expected in the absence of mother to nurse his hopeful *fils;* which operation, with the assistance of a huge bottle and some sparkling soliloquy, he generally performed to the intense amusement of the gallery gods, with whom he was always a great favorite.

Mr. Jack Hunter often had exclaimed, "Ha! this *is* good wine," and made remarks about "Olympian nectar," with no more inspiration at hand than was afforded by a goblet of cold tea; but very probably, if a baby had been tendered, on the same principle, chalk and water instead of milk, and not been allowed to drink it at that, *its* exclamations would have been of a far less laudatory character.

So the property-man had provided a bottle of real milk, and in accordance with some vague notions of the laws of hygiene in his possession, had heated it to a cheering warmth, in which condition it was placed in the hands of Mr. Jack Hunter. Now Jack, as we will call him for short, had performed this particular act dozens of times, in the course of which he had ministered to dozens of babies. Fat babies, sleepy babies, squalling babies who nearly spoilt his act by their lusty howling—all had been fed by the same careful hand, and informed of the important fact that they were "bigger men than their mothers;" but never had his attention been so thoroughly and irresistibly attracted to any one individual infant. Before him was the great sea of light and glare from the footlights, the myriads of upturned and smiling faces, for he had been saving some very funny things; but as, for the first time, stooping over the little cradle in which the good wife had laid the baby a moment before, he saw of all the hundreds in sight, but one, the little white wan face which looked up in mute appeal into his, while the big blue eyes half-opened and then closed as if they would shut out a big and cruel world altogether. How his heart went out to the helpless little creature no one can ever describe; strange sympathy; how he lifted the little thing out of the cradle to his knee, the audience shrieking with laughter at every awkward motion and comical sally of the coarse workman, for that was all he was to them. His eyes filled with tears, and then wrinkled in smiles, as for a moment when, with a ludicrous gesture, he placed the bottle to the little parched lips, a crow of satisfaction and a momentary lighting up of the little face showed him what the suffering had been.

The business of the succeeding acts, especially the second, called for some rather hazardous adventure for an actor of such tender years; but never was a baby more tenderly dropped in front of a fire-engine, more heroically rescued, or more petted and fondled as when, between the acts or while waiting for his cue, Jack sat or stood in the wing. And after the performance was over, the house was dark, and the curtain rose again on a bare, deserted stage, the baby was wrapped up again in its old shawl, and as Jack tenderly conveyed his little charge into the night air he ground his heel into the crisp snow and blurted out, with the energy of a man who has got to rid his mind of a heavier load than he can bear alone: "This kid is going to have as much Christmas as anybody, if I know anything!" And it had.

III.

No wonder the grocer who kept store a few doors above the main entrance of the theatre stared when, just as he was putting up his shutters for the night, the not very common spectacle at that hour of a tall young man in a flowing Newmarket overcoat, stylish felt hat, and with a wide-awake infant under his arm, stood in the doorway.

"Hello! old fellow, we want some things; hold on a minute!" And before the surprised tradesman could recover himself he was overwhelmed by an order for almost everything edible in sight, with a big basket thrown in—or, rather, the things were thrown in, paid for, and with a cheery good-night the two friends turned out for the "next alley."

Up the rickety stairs went Jack Hunter and the baby; but as he opened the door at the head he stopped—a warning hand bade him pause. In a subdued light he saw the little girl who had given him the baby early in the evening. With her was an elderly Irishwoman, evidently the mother of the younger, and from the door of the only adjoining room stepped a white-haired, kindly-faced old man—a doctor, evidently.

The three looked askance at him. "She is a little quieter," he said, "and must not be disturbed now. There must be a fire, too." For the first time Jack noticed that it was bitter cold and that the room was bare of every comfort except a few pieces of shaky furniture and one poor little stove, and that empty.

Off went the Newmarket overcoat and down stairs with a leap went Jack Hunter. Jack was used to expedients, and in less time than it takes to record it three boards, split out of a neighboring fence, were crackling in the little stove. Then, for the first time, Jack thought to ask a question. The Doctor, seeing the patient in evidently good hands, had silently departed before Jack could detain him. Mrs. McGinnis, who lived "below," could say little. The woman up stairs—a Mrs. Roy—what was in the name that for a moment Jack's heart beat like a trip hammer?—had come about six or eight months ago, bringing her little baby. She seldom went out except to fetch or carry a little sewing, which seemed to be her sole support, except when the property-man on occasion gave her a dollar to bring her baby over to the "the-ayter," and it almost broke her heart to do that. A week ago she took sick of a fever, and run out of everything, coal and all. Mrs. McGinnis couldn't do anything more than give her a bite now and then and let Melvina mind the baby a bit. But to-night she was worse, and she made bold to send for the charity doctor. Jack knew the rest.

It was nearly two o'clock when Jack again took the baby from the lap of the good Irishwoman, who, tired out with watching and ministering to the sick woman inside, had fallen asleep in her chair. Three o'clock, four, one after another the hours struck from the neighboring clock, and just as the gray dawn of the blessed Christmas morn came stealing in through the dingy windows, Jack heard a faint voice. "Baby, my baby!" Cautiously he raised the little burden, and for the first time tiptoed to the half-open door.

One glance was all, and the big fellow fairly burst into tears as he rushed to the low bedside. "Dot, my darling, at last I have found you," and with the poor, aching head pillowed on his breast, and the baby wondered by its mother's side while the "Papa" he had never seen sobbed out his tale of repentance and sought the forgiveness of the true little woman whom he had misjudged and wronged.

It was not too late, and when in the morning he was missed and the property-man headed a search party, they traced him from the theatre to the grocery store. The baby was clue enough—and as the merry Christmas chimes rang out on the frosty air they found John Hunter and his wife and baby united never to part again. Maybe Mrs. McGinnis didn't have a big turkey and coal for all Winter! And when the troupe got out of town and moved on to the next stand, carrying with it the rapidly-recovering Mrs. Jack Hunter and her pretty baby, so great had been the rejoicing among the boys that there wasn't ten cents left in the whole crowd to carry them over to next salary-day.

Virgie.

BY ODETTE TYLER.

To the old whitewashed hospital, lying perdue among thickly planted trees, the wounded and the dying from the battlefield of Murfreesboro were brought. I was the presiding matron at the time, and often I recall with a feeling of sadness the events of a little episode in which I was unconsciously made a participant. Among the young ladies from our native town who offered their services in the sick wards of the hospital was one Virgie Carroll, well known to society circles in Tennessee. I took a motherly interest in her from the first, there was such a resigned look about the sad, drooping mouth. 'Twas a look that Charlotte Corday might have worn after the accomplishment of her deed. Her eyes, too, had an expression that I did not like; they seemed to say: "I will do my duty, but God alone knows how hard it is." Feeling curious about her, I questioned one of the young nurses about her life. She had, two years before, married a man old enough to be her father—a marriage of convenience, not a love-match. Of course she can have no affection for him, I said to myself, and that accounts for the expression I so often see in her eyes. She was generally known by the name of the "Hospital Angel," given to her by the poor wounded men; and in truth she resembled more a spirit from some higher world than a living mortal—the more so when I would find her kneeling, her hands crossed in prayer, beside the cot of a dying soldier, receiving with tender reverence his last message for his mother, sister or wife. My thoughts, however, were soon directed in another channel by the arrival of the wounded from the battlefield. We scarce had room enough, there had been so many casualties, and had to throw ourselves on the kindness of some outsiders for an additional supply of beds. "Oh! God," I could not help crying out at sight of their poor bleeding bodies, "is this just?" And the thought of the waiting mother, rising at the sound of every footstep, hoping it might be that of her darling boy, and here he lies, his eyes grown dim and his golden hair matted with his own life-blood. "Is this just?" And the answer comes back, rebukingly, "God knows best."

After we had straightened them out as comfortably as our limited room would permit, I went around with the surgeon, who was trying to form some idea of what had to be done, when my attention was attracted by the sound of stifled sobs. Hastily going in the direction from whence they proceeded, I found myself in a closet just off the ward used for preparing lint. In the middle of the floor lay, rather than sat, Virgie Carroll, where she had thrown herself in all the wild abandonment of grief.

"My child, what is your trouble?"—letting my hand rest on the bowed head.

"Nothing," came faintly back. I even found time to smile at the childish answer.

"One does not cry as though one's heart were broken at nothing," I gently reasoned, "can you not trust me?" I went on, seeing that I had gained some slight advantage. Then, as though her trouble was too heavy to bear alone, she lifted my hand and, laying it against her tear-stained cheek, said: "I will trust you. You must know, dear Mrs. Martin"—the sobs had almost ceased now—"that I was engaged to a young officer whom I loved with all my heart, and he I know returned my affection double-fold, if such a thing could be possible. We were to be married the coming year, and I was busily laying plans for my bright future, when father came home one day and told us that unless he could raise $50,000 he would be ruined. I remember quite well that the sight of his grief caused me more pain than the thought of the poverty that lay before us. That night a gentleman called whom we had known for some years. Well, to make a long story short, he offered father the $50,000 if in return he would give him his eldest daughter—that was myself. My father, made selfish by his great trouble, came and laid the proposition before me; he begged, he pleaded, until, worn out with the struggle, I went into the library and, laying my hand in Mr. Carroll's, promised to be his wife. My mother wrote the news to my soldier-lover, for I lay struggling between life and death in the clutches of a deadly fever. But God turned a deaf ear to my pleadings and sent me back to this dreary world but little the worse for my long illness. Soon after my recovery I was married and—Are you tired, Mrs. Martin?" she asked, mistaking my look of pity for one of weariness.

"No, no, my poor child," I hastily assured her, "only saddened at your story."

"Well, we were married; I tried to do what was right; tried to cover up a lack of love with a wife's duty. God knows if I succeeded. The war broke out soon after, calling my husband away, and side by side he and my soldier-lover fought. They have been together in every battle, and up to yesterday remained unhurt; but now"—sobs threatened to break in again—"they are lying in the ward, one dead, the other dying."

"Poor child, poor child. Which one is living?"

"I don't know. I could not find courage enough to go and see. I only know that they were placed in Nos. 10 and 11 cots, and a few moments ago I heard that No. 11 was dead."

"Don't you think we had better go to them?"

Together we passed out of the room into the ward where the two men lay. Never shall I forget the sight; it makes my old eyes grow dim even now at the recollection. The sun came pouring in through the little latticed window, resting tenderly, as though afraid to touch too roughly on the white-set face of the young sleeper. On the other side, clothed in darkness, lay the still form of an older man. At one glance I saw that he was dead. I looked around for Virgie; she was kneeling beside the silver-haired soldier.

"This is my husband and that is my lover," her lips framing rather than speaking the words.

"Virgie!" Was it a sound from Heaven or had some one really spoken? Virgie, too, had heard it; but her young ears were keener than mine, and through her great love she had recognized the voice. I turned and left them. An hour after I was assorting the linen for the different wards, when the door of my press-room opened and Virgie stood framed against the darkness without.

"He is dead, too!"

The Actors' Fund.

A Benefit, eh? This begging
For the Actors' Fund makes one sick.
I'm on the Square, without a job,
At Christmas-time; so I kick.
Who runs the snap? The managers?
'Twon't last; 'tis a played-out thing.
If you want a dime from that concern,
You must be in the Ring.

Sweet Charity, eh! This dodger
Fools the public, boy—mark we well!
There'll come a time when all the Pros.
Will sadly say, "It's a sell."
I know the trick. I'm on the stage
For years. What a bitter sting
It would be for me to have to ask
Assistance from the Ring!

My business, eh? First old man.
I've not advanced, boy. Please to pause;
I will explain just why 'tis thus:
My talent's crushed. That's the cause.
And these same men, the managers,
Our friends! How they fling and swing,
While the profession must play to please
These gentry in the Ring.

Carpenter, eh! Scene-shifters!
In *their* duties, boy, there's no art.
They build up the sets and push the flats,
But in the play take no part.
All members! Ah, it's distressing
To bow—I, who played the King
To Forrest's Hamlet, oh! long ago,
Before there was a Ring.

Joe Hilison, ah! In Denver
Left an invalid on his back.
Oh, 'twas hard lines to leave the lad,
But money talks. Times are slack.
Now there's a case for this great Fund.
Tell them—me! Well, I should sing!
No, no, my boy; there's too much red tape,
And I'm not in the Ring.

A funeral comes. I declare,
There's our leading man in a coach!
Who can be dead? Ah, don't you know?
No, not at all. Come, approach.
Who is it, Tom? Alas, poor Joe!
He's gone. Those whom you have shunned
Will lay him gently in his grave.
Joe's cared for by the Fund!

—EDWARD HARRIGAN.

The Talking "Prop."

[A LEGEND OF THE NEW YORK SHERIFF'S OFFICE.]

BY A. C. GUNTER.

NOTE.—At the close of the last opera season and the great contest for managerial supremacy between Colonel Mapleson and Henry E. Abbey, the scenery of Colonel Mapleson was seized by the Metropolitan Bank, and, with all the properties, costumes, etc., of the opera, was stored in Irving Hall in charge of one Timothy Talmage, a Sheriff's officer.

The difficulty was soon adjusted, and the scenery replaced in its old home at the Academy, where it had done duty for a decade, and will now probably do duty to the end of time, or rather the end of the Academy. But the Deputy Sheriff in charge had mysteriously disappeared. At first it was imagined that he was trying to avoid giving evidence before the Legislative Investigating Committee from Albany; but during the day he was discovered among the debris of properties, costumes and scenery in Irving Hall, insensible and apparently drunk, as an empty demijohn of brandy lay beside him. Shortly after his arrival at the hospital he became conscious enough to speak, and his words which I have taken down, though wonderfully startling, are evidently those of acute delirium, and refer to events that took place while he was alone with the scenery in Irving Hall. I have placed them on paper, and, if necessary, shall deliver them to the Coroner as the patient's ante-mortem statement.

(Signed) CHARLES C. BROOKS, M. D.,
Assistant Physician Bellevue Hospital,
New York City.

THE STATEMENT OF TIMOTHY TALMAGE.

Thank God the Idol has stopped talking. It was an awful night. I'm a Sheriff's officer—give me a drink. [The patient's request was complied with.] I'm in Irving Hall to take charge of the scenery during the night. Twelve o'clock has struck and Colonel Mapleson is just leaving, having come in to do a little general cussing. He has remarked that I was the toughest Sheriff's officer he had ever struck, and he must have struck as many as most men in his day. However, he asked me to drink. I've accepted; we have drunk. The urbanity of this great man, who has faced unpaid prima donnas by the dozen and bluffed high-priced, high C tenors by the hundred, is very come-over-you in style. The Colonel has just blessed the Directors of the Academy and the officers of the Metropolitan Bank in such a hearty, jovial way that if they heard him those gents would shiver in their unartistic souls. He has just cast his optics on the scenery we have cut in two to move, and is now cursing his unlucky stars; though whether he means Patti or Gerster I can't tell, as he doesn't mention names. As he passes out, he casually remarks: "Good bye, my chappie! This outrage would not have happened in England! Her Majesty's scenery cut up by minions of the law is next door to treason, my laddie. But I'm the only man who can give Italian opera in this uncivilized country, and it won't take a year to find it out. Poor Abbey——"

The clanging of the door behind him cuts off his last words, and I suddenly remember it has a spring-lock—that I am shut up for the night with all the scenery. I gaze around. The moonlight coming in through the windows makes Irving Hall look as desolate as the empty safe of a broken bank to its depositors. I sit down on an upholstered candle-box that has been used as the footstool for most all the operatic sovereigns of the last twenty years, and, looking over the scenery, make a cursory calculation of the fees and charges. I'm running upon the same at a rate that'll ruin the Directors of the Academy across the way most as quickly as Patti's $5,000 nights, which performances I always attended, being, in virtue of my office, an official deadhead, and, like most other people, a patron and lover of art when I can get it for nothing.

I'm directly opposite the drop of the grand carnival in Venice, which is flanked on one side by the wooden steps that do duty for the marble stairways of the palaces of Italian opera, and, during Tony Pastor's Thanksgiving performances, for the palatial steps to Mulligan's tenement-house, and on the other by the Prison of the Inquisition, which reminds me of the water-torture and makes me thirsty. I have a brandy bottle near me. In the semi-darkness I can't see it, and while groping for it by scent, like a foxhound, I find myself in juxtaposition with the mammoth property-idol of all Italian opera. He is made of plaster-of-paris, and painted a gruesome brown, with streaks of white where the paint is worn off, giving him a tattooed appearance, which makes him strangely effective in Egyptian Aida or Madagascan L'Africaine. His face, a hideous compound of gold leaf, papier-mache and vermilion paint, has a gorilla jaw filled with wooden tusks painted white; and the moonlight entering by a broken window glares at me through his weird isinglass eyes till they look red as a bulldog's in the New York pound.

He isn't pleasant to be alone with at midnight, and he makes me very thirsty. I shrink back, and, after breaking my shins over the headsman's block and falling into one of the coffins used in Lucretia Borgia, I find the bottle and take a long, long pull. This gives me spirit, and I stagger up to the Idol and try and stare him out of countenance. Impossible! The magnetic eyes of the demon-property flicker in a greenish scowl until I cower down and hide my face from its horrid glance. But suddenly a shriek breaks on the air—a fearful shriek. Is it supernatural? No! thank heaven, it is not. It is only the howl of a street arab kicked into the gutter by the vigilant policeman outside. But as I gaze about, I catch once more the eyes of the demon-property. They are now of a mild yellow; the thing is smiling on me. But what a smile! Have you ever seen, in Barnum's Circus, a scared ape whose jaws are firmly stuck together with unmelting molasses-candy, given him by a small boy? The demon has that self-same idiotic yet agonized grin. I must drink again. I do; but, as I drink, the bottle falls from my trembling hand, for the molasses-candy grin fades from the plaster-of-paris face and the gorilla jaws move.

At first I am too frightened to listen to its gabble, but as my senses return to me a little I catch the well-known patois of the all-nation chorus of Italian opera—a language I am familiar with, having had the honor of conversing with several well-known Third avenue Irish artists in Colonel Mapleson's Italian chorus, and I catch the meaning of the creature's communication.

"Do you know me?" it asks.

"A little!" I gasp.

"I should be familiar to you as a household god. I have been the boss property-idol of Italian opera for many years. Before my awful figure and uncanny countenance Colonel Mapleson's whole company have bowed down nearly every night of many seasons. I have been worshipped as Belus in Semiramide; I have figured as the sun-god in L'Africaine; Campanini has given his vows to me as Egyptian Isis, and I have been defiled by having Roman candles shot through my mouth by the assistant gas-man while acting as the demon of fire in the Incantation scene in Der Freischutz. Do you know me now?"

I tremblingly admitted that I had known him very well for the last twenty years!

"Yes, I am not young," the demon said, reflectively. "I was made at the time they built the Academy. Out of economy they used some of the surplus plastering to form me of. I am as venerable as all this scenery."

I admit that he must be very old.

"Yes. The scenery is not young," chuckles the demon. "It has that ancient appearance that in Irving's scenery last season was so much praised by the American critics, who said American scene-painters could not get the mellow tints and delicate softness of aged-stone effects that were so beautifully produced by the English artists, but which, in reality, were due to the Irving scenery having been used in foggy London for two seasons, and then travelled about this country for another. American scenery has the same tumble-down, dilapidated appearance after it has been knocked about for a few years."

I admit that I once, as a Sheriff's officer, seized the scenery of a travelling Uncle Tom's party, and though painted by an American artist, it had the appearance of even greater age than Irving's boasted London sets.

"Do you observe that dark mark on yonder flat. It was made by Mario's greasy wig. He always leaned his head in despair against that flat when Grisi, as Lucretia Borgia, told him he was her son. Hence the greasy spot."

Desperately I take up a property-club to hit the demon, but he disclaims any intention of punning and continues:

"Oh, the good old days! I was at the opening ball of the Academy. It was for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the Volunteer Fire Department. They had many widows and orphans, but most of them were made by street fights, not fires. I was one of the decorations. Don't smile at me! Age and abuse have not improved me. Do you see those marks on my left leg? Those were made by Colonel Mapleson's boots on the night he by mistake put Belocca and Cary, two rival contraltos, in the same dressing-room. He fled from that dressing-room, and in his anguish and despair he kicked me with his opera-pumps. If he had had his No. 12 walking-boots on I should have been broken to pieces. Do you see those indentation on my right thigh; that is where Campanini struck me with a high C when he was younger and more robust than he is now. His high C's at present hurt only the ears of the audience and make them shudder. Those stains—don't look at them so—they are only tear-drops shed on my pitying hand by the *tenore di gratizia* with the sweetest voice New York has heard these ten years—Ravelli. They were shed after he had sung that barcarole in Un Ballo; and though it was but a portion of the quintette the audience demanded it again and again, notwithstanding Galassi, that noble baritone, and Cary, the sweet contralto, and all the rest were waiting to continue. He had seen Campanini in the lobby with the critics with tears in his eyes at the triumph of his rival. He knew Campinini would give those critics a supper and they would write him down. The properties and chorus behind the scenes knew that in sweetness and power combined no tenor was like Ravelli, and so, even in the moment of his triumphs, the applause of the delighted audience still in the air, he came and wept tears of rage and misery on my pitying hand; for he knew that next morning half of inartistic New York would believe the newspapers and not their own ears and the marvellous voice that had charmed them."

The demon is becoming sentimental, and emboldened by the familiarity of the monster, I tremblingly suggest that it might be sometimes funny behind the scenes of an opera. At this the creature bursts into a hideous roar of laughter that almost splits his plaster-of-paris sides as he chuckles:

"Did you ever see two prima donnas fight? I've seen——" the creature cautiously checks himself.

"Who?" I eagerly ask.

"No," says the demon, suspiciously; "I've heard of libel suits; but look at the neck of one of the queens of song and you will observe she is never without a necklace. She boxed the tender ears of another queen of song who had made a hit, and received from the pearly teeth of her beautiful rival a bite that has left a lifelong scar that becomes a fiery red whenever she takes a high note. The pet of the ballet once stood beside me waiting to go on for her *pas*, when a rival ballerina took a pirouette off the stage on to the favorite's instep with such malicious vigor that the reigning favorite did not put her pretty little toes to the stage for a month. Of course it was an accident; but the author of her rival's misery playfully whispered into my ear: "You dear old devil, that jump of mine will teach her to get three bouquets when I get only two. You are a demon and enjoy naughty things; so I tell you that you and I may laugh at her together." She looked like an angel as she said this; but if the dude who was waiting for her outside could have heard her, he would have been more careful how he trifled with her young affections, and so saved himself a little stiletto, wound in the leg that made him lame for a month, and a suit for breach-of-promise that sent him to Europe in a hurry.

"Oh!" continues the demon, "Hades itself has no such hate as one great artist has for another. Now I am the great property-idol of all opera, and yet how I despise the second property-idol. There he stands squinting at me now."

I follow the creature's eyes and perceive, dimly outlined in the gloom, another idol, not quite as large, not quite so ugly, and with not quite so much gold-leaf on his countenance—that is glaring at my demon with orange eyes full of the fiery lustre of malignant rage. This sight makes me shudder.

"Too sullen to speak, you brute!" says my demon. "Jealous because I have the most red-fire burnt around me!"

At these cruel words the second property-idol gives such a melancholy groan that two suits of mediæval armor fall with a heavy clash on the floor, and I shiver to my very marrow and attack the bottle again for courage, as my demon with a chuckle cries viciously:

"Did you ever see a strike in the chorus of Italian opera? Of all the lively things it beats anything I ever saw. Perhaps a dynamite explosion may be worse. I had rather a secluded life behind the scenes, but I don't think dynamite could be more grotesquely lively than that strike of the chorus of Max Maretzek. A buzz of much bad Italian—a jabber of German-French—a barbaric cadence of Hungarian patois—a howl of Irish curses from the native contingent—a shriek of agonized terror from the representative of the management, and the chorus charges the unfortunate exponent of the box-office and go for his scalp, each in the manner of their dozen nationalities. It was a wonder that the manager escaped with his life; a gigantic tenor from Corsica was sharpening his knife on my big toe-nail, which is made of slate, as you see, but just as he got his stiletto in good condition to let his salary out of the management in the shape of blood, the matter was settled and the manager was saved. The Corsican was so pleased with his knife, however, that he used it, a night or two after, on a compatriot of the chorus. But a chorus-singer more or less makes little matter—in fact, the diabolical noises that half of them make under the pretense of singing merit death."

"You bet!" say I.

"Don't be familiar," croaks the demon. "Say, what's in that bottle you put to your lips so often?"

"Brandy!" gasp I, fearing he may be thirsty, too.

"I've heard of the stuff," said the creature, with a knowing wink from his bloodshot eyes. "An English impressario often mentioned B. and S. Let me taste that brandy; you seem to enjoy it."

It is growing dark and the idol's eyes seem more aflame as I tremblingly pour a little into the creature's capacious jaws.

"More!" howls the idol. "More—more!" [He must have drunk nearly a pint, and it was Bowery brandy!] Ah, ha! A libation fit for one of the gods!" And he draws his India-rubber lips over his wooden tusks with a smack that makes my nerves tingle.

"I now understand why the English impressario liked B. and S.," cries the demon. "Where's the S.?"

"The S. only weakens it," pant I.

"Then no S. in mine," says his majesty. "Campanini, I've heard, used to drink brandy before he played in Carmen; it gave to his eyes a wild bandit appearance that was very catching to the girls at matinee audiences. What a great tenor he was. Oh, those were good old days when Nilsson sang out the fourth act of Faust over Valentini's dead body, though the wretched baritone had a pound of limburger in his pocket, bought before the performance to regale some German friends at a little supper afterward. I can see that noble woman writhe as her beautiful high notes ascended to Heaven mixed with the flavor of still higher cheese. By all the powers of evil!" suddenly says the demon, with a wild sniff like that of a steam-engine, "I smell that same cruel odor that made Nilsson faint that miserable night!" My guilty flesh creeps at his threatening words, for I have some limburger in my own pocket brought for my evening supper.

"Perhaps that brandy has gone to your head!" gasp I

"Speaking of brandy," says the creature, "you have not offered me a drink—hic—lately!"

I again appease the monster with liquor, but as I do so I hear a voice in the distance, "Me too!"

The place seems darker, but as I gaze hurriedly about me I encounter the orange-colored eyes of the second property-god, which seem to regard his rival with an even deeper hate.

"Shut your greedy mouth!" screams my Idol. "Did you ever have the artistic triumphs I've had? Did Mierzwinski ever sing high C's at you till he set your wooden tusks on edge, as if you'd been eating lemons? Did you ever have red-fire burning round you by the pound, like I had when the divine Patti, as Aida, died on my breast, and Ernesto Nicolini, on that never to be forgotten night, became young again as the Goddess of Melody smiled on him and gave him back the voice of his youth, and he sang the Niles scene so that all who heard him knew that he had once been the greatest tenor in the world? How he did sing!—Tra-la-la! Là-la-la!"

Oh! horror! The demon was singing. My agonized ears throbbed in response to his cracked though powerful and weird cadenzas that no human being was capable of hearing without the tortures of Hades!

"Oh, don't!" I scream in my despair. "Are you drunk or am I?"

"You're drunk!" exclaims the idol; "but I am a great tenor looking for an engagement. Tra la-la! Là-la-la!"

He was singing again—his powerful howls, a mixture of awful staccato shrieks and basso groans, seem to thrill everything around him. The immense pieces of scenery begin to vibrate, the armor of all ages hanging on the walls moves to his cadences with a weird clanking. The second property-idol chimes in with a mocking strain, and my senses stagger under the maddening surroundings, as, with a scream more awful than the grinding noise of worlds in collision, the demon takes high C!

The scenery falls from the horrid concussion; the armor, with a clang, is projected into space; the second property-god, with a yell of unutterable anguish, springs at his rival as I fall senseless to the earth and know no more.

SECOND NOTE.—The patient, Timothy Talmage, ultimately recovered and confessed to me that he drank the demijohn of brandy. Yet the events of that night were so vividly impressed on his brain that he never would admit that he was drunk. BROOKS, M. D.

Life.

'Tis but a little distance
Between the cradle and the grave
A little thing called courage.
Between the hero and the slave.
One fears without that pomp to die,
That tells the world his fall.
The other—tho' he knows not why—
Fears to die at all.

Yet we all must make the passage,
From the cradle to the grave.
The hero with his empty pomp,
And the unpretending slave.
But when the journey's over,
And Nature's debt is paid,
Who shall say, between the graves,
In which the hero's laid?

The life of one may be filled up
With cruelty and wrong,
Yet have his praises sounded
In poesy and song;
While Religion's nobler work
May crown the other's years,
Whose only monument may be
A grateful people's tears.

—J. J. WALLACE.

The Queen of the Air.

BY ELSIE SNOWE.

My friend Lindsay was the most inveterate sight-seer that ever was born. Whatever city he came to in the course of his travels about the world, he seemed to consider it a sacred duty on his part to visit every point of local interest in the place; and to neglect anything in the way of a public building—a hospital, penitentiary, asylum, etc.—was, in his mind, little less than a crime. Occasionally I had chanced to be his companion on some of these journeys, and that was how it came about that one day I found myself, in Lindsay's company, being shown through the wards of ——— Lunatic Asylum, near the City of New York. It was anything but a pleasure to me, though Lindsay seemed to be actually enjoying his visit; for to my mind there is nothing in the world more painful than the inside of one of these homes for the insane.

"Now, gentlemen," said our polite attendant, having shown us through what was called the quiet wards—though there seemed considerable noise in portions of it, to my unsophisticated ears—"if you will kindly follow me to the next floor I will conduct you to the other end of the building, where we keep the dangerous patients."

Lindsay assented with that dreadful eagerness with which he enters into every kind of excitement; but for my own part, I shuddered at the thought of being brought face to face with the unhappy wretches who were, perhaps, forcibly confined to their cells or placed in strait-jackets or other contrivances for rendering the dangerous lunatics harmless. So I declared my intention of remaining where I was until Lindsay and the attendant should return.

"You won't be afraid, sir?" asked the attendant. "Perhaps you would prefer to go down to the parlor?" But I said no, and announced my intention of remaining where I was until they should return for me. So they left me, and, as the door by which they quitted the ward closed after them, I heard the key turn in the lock, and felt, with a momentary thrill of horror, that I was shut in—locked in—together with a dozen or more madmen. However, I was not really afraid. I knew that none of the patients in this ward were dangerous, or even violent; and when I observed that at either end of the long corridor an attendant, with a whistle dependant from his button-hole, sat quiet and attentive, though apparently seeing nothing, I felt that I was quite safe. I walked over to a window looking out on the well-kept grounds and sat down in the wide, roomy window-seat. For some moments I looked out on the bright blooming flowers, beds of which lighted up the spacious grounds with patches of bright, vivid color. Then I looked back again, scanning the pallid, hopeless faces about me, with a keen sense of the dreadful misery before my eyes. Suddenly my gaze became fascinated—held by that of a small, dark-eyed, wild-looking person at a little distance. As soon as he saw that he was observed he came quickly toward me, instead of averting his gaze or turning away, as lunatics generally do when conscious of having attracted attention. The idea that they always regard people with a side-long glance, and cannot look you straight in the face, is quite a mistake—although it is true they cannot maintain a long, steady gaze. But this one—who was evidently enough a lunatic—looked at me with startling intentness, and continued to do so as he came toward me.

"I'm so glad to see you. I've been waiting for you, and I thought you would come to-day," he said, and he sprang lightly alongside of me on the window-seat. He turned his gaze away from me then, and with his thin, quivering fingers locked together, kept his eyes fixed on them while he spoke.

"I saw her face all last night," he began, "and all the night before, and the night before that, too. I give you my word that I haven't slept a wink for a week, just for seeing her face. You see it's so long since I've told the story. I've had no one to tell it to, barring the other fellows here, and they've all heard it so often not a soul of them takes a bit of interest in it or in me. But sorra the stranger's been here this twelve months for me to tell it to, so I suppose my colleen thinks I've been shirking my penance, and that's why she haunts me so. But I haven't, Biddy, darlin'—I've been longing for some one to listen to it. You see her name was Biddy Nolan, sir, as handsome a young Irish colleen as e'er a man set eyes upon, though on the posters she was always put down as the Senora Adelaida, Queen of the Air, and people were told that she was born in Saragossa, in Spain. But if ever you'd heard the sweet Irish brogue on her tongue when she and I were alone together, taking supper at twelve o'clock, after the performance was over, you'd have knowed very well that the Saragossa she came from wasn't in Spain, anyway, wherever else it was. I wish you could have seen her, sir; but no! I guess you never have, for it's nigh on twenty year ago now that the town went mad about her, and that was before your time, since you don't look much over twenty yourself. Musha, thin, but she was a beauty entirely—eyes like sloes, with eyebrows and lashes to match, a figure like a marble Vanus, and a color!—well, it's only girls from Dublin that have such complexions. It cost her nothing for paint and powder, I can tell ye that, sir—and then her hair! Some people thought it her chief beauty—'twas as black as night and over a yard long, and as soft and shiny as satin. She was my wife—my own lawful, wedded wife. Tho' people pretended not to believe me when I said so! And it was sure no wonder they misdoubted, for Biddy didn't act much as if she was my wife, or any man's wife, after she'd been a few months in this country. Her head was turned with the flattery, and the love-letters, and the bunches of flowers in the coldest weather when they cost nearly their weight in gold. And a grand salary, too. Why, the money she was to be paid for one week would have kept me comfortable for a year in ould Ireland; and then the presents—bracelets and rings, and precious stones. I didn't mind that so much till the men that sent them began coming to see her at our home, and bringing her home o' nights, sometimes, if I'd be out of the way for one minute. But with it all I never suspected Biddy for any harm—no, if an angel had come down and told me that my colleen, that I would have died for, was anything but the good girl I married, I wouldn't have believed it till I seen it with my eyes. But that's what I'm coming to—at last I did see it with my eyes, and the sight nearly blinded me, and drove me quite mad, I think, for I never was myself again from that awful minute. There was a lot of wonderful things that the Senora Adelaida did. She was brought up in the circus from the time she was a baby, and it was as natural for her to walk a tight-rope or to swing on a horizontal bar as it was for another girl to dance a waltz in a ball room or make a curtsey. But the great act of the evening—the thing which had given her the name of Queen of the Air—was a trapeze act such as no other woman had ever even tried to attempt. It was just the instant before she caught the bar for the finish of the performance, and for one moment (it was scarcely a moment—though, to the excited public it seemed longer) she appeared to be poised in the air. Then she caught the bar, and while the applause was enough to deafen you she let herself down by a lot of loops and jumps from some bars and ropes that swung from the horizontal bar till she was within a few feet of the ground, and then with two turns in the air as swift as lightning she came down safe on her feet.

"How often had I seen her do it? It was my business to work the machinery, the ropes, the bars—everything she used; and though I worshipped that girl, and knew that the least mistake on my part would be the death of her, do you think I was nervous or scared? No! such a thought never entered my mind. It was because I loved her so that I was so calm. I knew that my eye and my heart were so sure in her service as the beating of my heart was sure.

"Well, I was telling how it all came about. At times I was troubled and uneasy, and perhaps once or twice I was cross when the men took to running after her as they did; but she used to laugh at me and tell me it was all 'business,' and we must make the best of it; and I was never really jealous till just toward the last, when I noticed a handsome, fair-haired young sprig of a fellow who seemed to be about her more than any of the rest, and when I spoke to her about him—his name was Sinclair—she didn't laugh it off as she used to do about the others, but actually got quite mad and told me to be after attending to my own business, instead of watching her friends as if she hadn't the right to speak to a gentleman without asking first. That made me suspicious, and I watched Sinclair's every time they were due in, I would see her and Sinclair, and I saw more than enough to convince me that all was at an end between Biddy and me. As I told you, it made me crazy, and when I up and asked her why it was she just laughed and never attempted to deny it. I don't know how I lived for the next few days or so, but I was so afraid of losing her ever, and my heart grew so sick and sore, that I ever a bit nervous when I ascended to the chimney at night. She never seemed to think how I might be feeling about it—I suppose she didn't care.

"One night, as she came to the last part of the trapeze act—just when she was poised in the air for that one second—I caught a look pass between her and Sinclair. It was at the instant that she grasps the bar, and at that instant I generally swayed the bar toward her by means of a slender string attached to it which I held in my hand. But that look caused me to turn my brain to fire. I jerked the string so that the bar receded instead of advancing, but missed it and fell! It was a distance of nearly fifty feet, and I didn't look—but I heard—first the loud breath of horror, as of one person, that passed over the multitude, then a roar of men's voices and the shrieks and yells of women—but above all I heard the voice of my wife's fall! She turned in the air, and her head struck the stage as she came down; and—as I knew afterward—her neck was broken, and she was killed instantly. Then I knew nothing after hearing that sound. No one paid any attention to me—there was too much hubbub and excitement about the accident, and the horror of the audience, and the women fainting, and all. I never knew how I got out of the place or what became of me for days after. When I seemed to get my senses back I was wandering about the streets. The inquest was all over, and Biddy had been buried. But the first thing I saw when I came to myself was her face, just as it looked that moment when she missed the bar. It was before me all the time; so I up and told the whole story to the first people that would listen to me. 'Poor fellow!' they said, and pitied me. 'The horror of it has turned his head; he's mad!' But I told them plainly how I wasn't mad, but I had murdered Biddy. I told everybody. I went screaming it about the streets, and begging to be hanged, so that I mightn't see her face any more. But they wouldn't hang me. They hang innocent people, and they hang people who pray for life; but me, guilty and praying for death! they wouldn't hang me. But they shut me up here; and I've told every one here all about Biddy—the beautiful Queen of the Air, Senora Adelaida—but they all say, 'Poor fellow! Poor fellow!' and sometimes they won't even listen. But you've listened, sir, and I'm beholden to you, for it's my penance to tell the story. So, perhaps, she'll let me sleep to-night, for I'm sore tired, and I ax pardon for troublin' ye with such a long story."

And without even a look, the wild-looking little dark man slid down from the window-seat and hurried away just as Lindsay and the attendant came back for me. The attendant smiled as he came up to me.

"I see you've heard Terry's story," he said.

"Yes," I answered, with a shudder, "and a very terrible story it is."

"Poor wretch—he's very mad, indeed," said the attendant; and I quite agreed with him there.

But a madman might have committed a terrible crime, or might have imagined that he had committed it. And when I had inquired about the Queen of the Air, who had flourished and flourished twenty years ago, and found out her tragic death and the wild ravings of a man who claimed to be her husband, I felt quite convinced in my own mind that the madman's story was as true as it was terrible.

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PROVINCIAL.

BOSTON.

Desiree had its first Boston production by one of the McCaull co's. at the Bijou Theatre, 15th, to a large audience, and one that was pleased with the affair as a whole, evidently, judging from the applause and the repetitions that were demanded. The libretto is exceedingly good, as it well might be, having been adapted by John Maddison Morton from a French source, and used by Mr. Taber literally, with the words of his songs grafted on, of course. The plot is graceful and moderately exciting, from a light-opera standpoint, and the action quite spirited. All the same, however, Desiree, in view of its source, can scarcely be called an American opera. That is yet to come. The music, by John Philip Sousa, is graceful and pretty, with a strong French accent, and is very enjoyable, while the costuming is pretty. De Wolf Hopper gave the piece its go, as far as action went, and for the first time I could greet his exaggerations with decided approval. W. H. Fessenden, as the Marquis; Mark Smith, as the Count; Lily Post, in the title role; Emma Elsner, as Marie; and Rose Leighton, as Laurie, all were good, both in voice and action, and entered into the spirit of the opera becomingly. The houses have fallen off since the opening night, and after its second week The Beggar Student will be put on for a week, to be followed by Prince Methusalem.

Adelaide Ristori appeared during the week at the Boston Theatre in Elisabeth, Marie Antoinette, Mary Stuart, and Macbeth. Her acting had the same old charm, being modified to a scarcely perceptible extent by the lapse of time and increasing age, though her poor command of the language handicapped her at times somewhat. Her support was creditable, the sudden burst of energy displayed by Edmund Tearle, as the Earl of Essex, in the first play at the close of the third act, displaying genuine power. Some exceedingly fine juvenile acting was displayed by Kate Clinton and Edna Hickey in Marie Antoinette. The houses were not large, as a rule, until Saturday afternoon, when the large theatre was almost packed.

Called Back had good houses during its second week at the Park. Fantasma ditto at the Globe.

Dion Boucicault began his engagement at the Boston Museum in The Shaughraun, which he played during the week to fair business, with the excellent support of the Museum co., and which will be continued another week.

The New York Ideal Opera co. appeared during the week at the Howard Athenæum in Giroflé-Girofla the first of the week and La Fille de Madame Angot the last, to only small business, variety and highly-seasoned drama being what is wanted at this house. Francesca Guthrie appeared in the title role of the first piece, and both acted and sang beautifully and with discretion as well as force. Augusta Roche as Aurora, W. H. Seymour as Don Bolero, Stuart Harold as Marasquin, Edward L. Connell as Mourzook, and James A. Gilbert as the Pirate Chief, all gave fine personations. In the latter piece Augusta Roche was Madame Lange, Louise Searle, Clairette; Mr. Connell, Larivandiere; Mr. Harold, Ange Pitou; Mr. Gilbert, Louchard; Mr. Seymour, Pomponnet, and Katie Stokes, Amaranth and officer of Hussars. This was an excellent cast, and the opera went off with becoming spirit. I would suggest to Miss Stokes, however, that they did not wear Mother Hubbards in France in those days. Of course she is very charming in that dress, which sets off her pretty face and figure well; but truth is mighty—inconvenient at times. It may not be known generally that Miss Stokes was formerly a circus-rider, where she succeeded in breaking a leg twice, as well as numerous hearts, and now comic opera is the gainer. She is a sister-in-law of Business Manager Pilling, of Austin and Stone's Dime Museum.

Collars and Cuffs, with clever Charles Gilday and Fanny Deane, was the attraction at the Windsor during the week. I was not able to see it, though hear it well spoken of. I may add, also, that I kept away from the Windsor in fear lest Nellie Everett would set her terrible dog on me.

Austin and Stone keep up their attractions at their Dime Museum. The throngs that have seen the earthman have been immense.

The usual variety and specialty have drawn large audiences at the Boylston.

The Milan Opera co. announced four concerts at Music Hall, but only two of them came off.

Items: I was much amused Tuesday morning, when I read the criticism on Desiree in the stately *Advertiser*, at the statement that John Maddison Morton, whose name was given as joint author of the libretto, would be ashamed of having his name mentioned in connection with such stupid work—words to that effect. I have mislaid the paper. This is very funny in the light of subsequent developments, as it has been discovered that Mr. Taber is the author only of the songs interpolated here and there, and set to music by John Philip Sousa, the libretto being literally that of a farce, entitled Our Wife, written by Mr. Morton, and first played in London in 1836, and at the Boston Museum in 1837, in which the veteran William Warren was the Count and E. F. Keach, Manager Field's predecessor, was the Marquis. John Wilson, who afterward married Mrs. Vincent and subsequently eloped with Kate Denin Ryan, was the Sergeant. I met a gentleman, Saturday, who has been mixed up with amateur theatricals, and who remembers it was played here by an amateur co. about 1860 or 1870. In view of all this the remark of the *Advertiser* is very funny. I may add, however, that neither Mr. Clapp nor Mr. Ticknor wrote the notice, which is understood to be the work of a young Harvard student. But it remained for the *Record*, the evening edition of the *Advertiser*, to make the champion funny remark, thus: "Not one of the principal performers in Falka, lately given ostensibly by the same company, took part last evening." This writer evidently does not know that McCaull has three cos. in the field, and that this was not "ostensibly the same company. The Harvard graduate should not think because boat-racing and ball-playing are dull that he can tackle the opera field just as well.—Lilian Norton, who is at present residing with her sister in Boston will soon re-enter the musical field. —Rehearsals of Ruy Blas, The Apostate, and The Iron Chest, are taking place by Edwin Booth and the Museum co. preparatory to the New York season.—Joseffy will soon give a series of piano recitals in Boston. —Dion Boucicault is at the Adams House.— —Of course it took Booth to discover that Desiree is not an American opera, in a strict sense.—Nina Boucicault will make *debut* at the Boston Museum in The Colleen Bawn, 20th. It is just thirty years since her mother Agnes Robertson, made such a great success at the same house in the same play. She is said to resemble her mother greatly.—I saw Dr. Mary Walker in the waiting-room of the New York and New England Railroad one day last week, and wondered why some manager does not engage her for his ballet.—The annual benefit of the Boston Lodge of Elks will take place at the Boston Theatre about the middle of February.—The annual benefit of the Actors' Fund will take place at the Boston Theatre Jan. 22.—An attractive programme is being arranged by managers Tompkins, Rich, Schœffel and Harris.— M. H. Mallory, of the Madison Square, will be in town this week.—George and Nellie Everett gave their "Spiritualist" exhibition this week at the Boylston Museum, since the Salvation Army has engaged the Windsor.

BALTIMORE.

The general depression in theatrical business still continues, and the present outlook is far from encouraging. This has been one of the most trying seasons known in the theatrical history of Baltimore. Fine attractions have been given at the various houses, and with few exceptions have met with only fair patronage, while some played the week through in the face of a dead loss. This state of affairs is due here, as elsewhere, to the scarcity of money and an unprecedented fall in business of all kinds.

At the Academy of Music last week the Seven Ravens [illegible] to fair attendance and gave only a light performance. The ballet, led by Mlle. Gillert, was good. [illegible] high-wire act the greatest feat of the [illegible] here. The singing was very "porous," [illegible] the dramatic part of the piece below mediocrity. [illegible] William Redmund and Mrs. Barry are [illegible] in their new play, A Midnight Marriage. [illegible] seemed to be a very neat, enjoyable musical comedy. At least it was made so by the clever co. which presented it last week at the Holliday Street Theatre. Herbert Archer as Sir Charles displayed his abilities as a light comedian to the very best advantage. Will S. Rising introduced several songs, which he sang most artistically, noticeably Tosti's "Good-bye." The broad comedy was furnished by Marie Bates and Charles Plunkett, and R. J. Dustan did the eccentric professor quite well. Fanny Wentworth looked pretty and acted nicely, and M. J. Gallagher made a humorous Tim Malony. The scenery and stage setting was unusually good. On Monday night In the Ranks began a week's engagement. Next week, Devil's Auction.

The management of the Monumental Theatre announce for this week Zozo, the Magic Queen, with all the original scenery. Next week, Silbon and Elliott's consolidation.

At the Front Street Theatre this week the bill includes W. J. Thompson in his sensational drama, Sentenced for Life, supported by Lottie Forrest and Dan A. Kelly, and a variety olio. N. S. Wood, in Boy Detective, 29th.

The Christmas attraction at Harris' Masonic Temple Museum will be Humpty Dumpty and other pantomimes.

The Dime Museum has an unusual array of attractions this week including J. S. Kendall, comedian; Rena Sardotte, vocalist; J. S. Berrie, in recitations; Walter Flynn and Mlle. Louise, illusionists; Baby Bell, musical wonder; David Simm, xylophonist, and Fitzwilliams, modern Samson.

Tips: Ford's Opera House opened on Monday night with the Hanlons in Voyage en Suisse. Next week, the Florences. Prominent among the attractions of Hallen and Hart's Ideals, which closed an engagement at the Monumental Theatre on Saturday, were the ideal "chestnuts" presented by Ella Wesner. She has been doing the same old songs so long that the sight of her name on the bill brings with it a sense of fatigue.—Professor Carpenter, the mesmerist, began a series of entertainments at Pythian Hall, Gay street, on Monday night.—My heartiest best wishes for a happy Christmas to all the friends of THE MIRROR.

NEW ORLEANS.

The engagement of C. B. Bishop, which closed at the Academy of Music, 13th, was financially very unsuccessful. The co. left here the following day for Pensacola, minus the manager, F. V. Hawley, and also Kitty Downs, of the co. I understand there was a partnership between Messrs. Bishop and Hawley, which is now dissolved. Cal Wagner's New Minstrels began a week's engagement, 14th. We have had already this season the B. and W. and the T. P. and W. Minstrels, both of which were far superior to Wagner's troupe. Business has been light and the co. has not created any very favorable impression. Louis Aldrich follows for a week in My Partner.

Kiralfy Brothers' Around the World in Eighty Days has done a very fine second week's business at the St. Charles Theatre. The spectacle has caught the public fancy, and large audiences nightly assemble to enjoy and applaud its beautiful scenery and ballet. The Black Crook is in full preparation and will be substituted for the present attraction next week. It is down for a two week's run, and will be followed by Sieba. Ed. J. Abraham, lately of the Excelsior co., has been transferred here and will take charge of this one of the Kiralfy cos.

Ranch 10 did not draw particularly well at the Grand Opera House last week. At the conclusion of this engagement the co. was transferred to Grunewald Opera House. Morton and Bell's Comedy co. began their second engagement of the season in this city at the Grand, 14th. The Strategists was their opening bill, with an advertised promise that their new play of Nonsuch would be produced later in the week. This promise was not fulfilled, however, and The Strategists was kept on for the week. This play I have often noticed before. It has been seen too often here, and visitors to the city did not seem to care for it; so business has only been fair. The Monte Cristo co., led by that fine actor, James O'Neill, comes for one week to this house, 21st.

Manager Robinson, lessee of the Grunewald Opera House has made an arrangement with Messrs. Baby and Townsend, by which these gentlemen will take charge of the house for eight weeks, not as sub-lessees, but on a fixed percentage. Mr. Baby has been the manager of the Ranch 10 co., and is now filling his first week at the new place with that attraction at cheap prices. Next week the London Specialty co. (twenty-five people) came for one week. It is the intention of Messrs. B. and T. to run the house as a vaudeville and comedy theatre.—Laurent and the members of the late Ideal Comic Opera co. are still here, and the former especially, is, I understand, "kicking" fiercely about being shut out of the Grunewald.—Nothing has yet been definitely and finally concluded anent Werlein Hall.

W. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) and his Wild West show have been in town several days making preparations for the opening of their engagement here on the 20th. Oakland Park, in the suburbs, has been selected as the place for the exhibitions. The co. suffered a very severe loss (they claim it amounts to over twenty thousand dollars) by the sinking of the boat on which they were coming to the city. They are in daily expectation of the arrival of a new lot of buffalos and burros to supply the place of those lost. Their mountain sheep they hardly hope to be able to equal again. Among the lost animals was Bill's pet donkey, Little Jerry, which he always had with him in his dramatic productions. The members of the co. lost all their personal effects. Divers are at work now trying to find the safe belonging to the management and expect to be able to restore it in a week or so. John M. Burke, the general manager of the show is kept very busy trying to straighten out matters and have all in readiness for a successful season here.

Robinson's Dime Museum is securing rapid changes in attractions, and business is on the boom. Leon, the strong man; Gen. Pounce, the midget; Rosa Leslie, fat woman, and Prof. Moore's steam man are the latest novelties.

The new attraction at Faranta's Iron Theatre is Sid. C. France, in his highly emotional drama of Marked for Life. Business has been large.

Bessie Bernard, press agent of Grace Hawthorne and a resident of this city, has been here for several days. She was summoned here by the death of her father, a very prominent and popular member of our commercial community.

Sells Brothers' Circus concluded a very successful two weeks' engagement 14th.

The Monte Cristo co. arrived 17th, and will rest for a few days, prior to the opening at the Grand.

Our great Exposition is now open and in full blast. The city is full of visitors, and good attractions may justly expect to do a large business.

ST. LOUIS.

People's Theatre (W. C. Mitchell, manager): Grace Hawthorne, the new star, 14th, to a splendid house in Camille, notwithstanding the fact that the weather was disagreeable and wretched in the extreme. She had a warm reception and scored a success. During the week business was excellent. Repertoire: Camille, Frou-Frou, East Lynne and Miss Multon. The latter representation was the best of the series, and the house was densely crowded. She was called before the curtain several times and made a very decided impression, many ladies and gentlemen crying freely. Support clever, William Harris a great St. Louis favorite, doing excellent work as Armand, and the other leading male roles.

Olympic Theatre (Charles A. Spalding, manager): Lynwood, Tillotson's new play, was presented to very slender houses all the week.

Pope's Theatre (Charles R. Pope, manager): Magda Irschick, the great German actress, drew half houses all the week. May Blossom, 2d.

Standard Theatre (W. H. Smith, manager): Nobody's Claim drama has been done to fair business. Howard Athenæum co. 21st.

Casino (George McManus, manager): One of the best bills ever presented at this house was that of the week just closing. Maude Beverly, Hilda Thomas, the Clarks, the Walls, Cardello and Van Aucken, the French family of gymnasts, etc., made up an admirable programme.

CHICAGO.

Santa Claus and Jack Frost, combined, made business at the theatres bad the past week. The shops, with their display of Christmas gifts, captured the money, and the antics of Jack Frost in getting from 10 to 16 below zero caused theatre-goers to stay at home evenings. The Boston Ideals repeated several of their popular operas, and drew fair audiences; but nothing near so large a business has been done as on former occasions. This week, Mestayer's co. in We, Us & Co. At Hooley's Theatre Joseph Murphy has hardly done his usual large business with his horse-shoeing drama Kerry Gow, and will produce Shaun Rhue this week. Harrison and Gourlay in Skipped by the light of the Moon, 28th.

The Corner Grocery, Dan Sully's new piece, was presented at McVicker's last week, but was at the wrong house for that class of play. The comedian and a rather poor co. have had a beggarly array of empty seats in front all the week. Aside from the acting of Mr. Sully and the assistance given him by Master Malvey, as the Bad Boy, there is not much to commend. The same attraction at any of the west-side theatres would have packed the house. This week and next, Margaret Mather.

The very excellent production of Le Tambour Major at the Haverly by the Carleton Opera co. deserves a word of praise to all concerned. All the members were in fine voice, and gave the music better than ever before. Jessie Bartlett-Davis was charming as Griolet, the drummer boy, and acted and sang so well that she received an encore for every number in which she took part. Her magnificent contralto could not be smothered, even by the sonorous tones of W. H. Clark on one side and Carleton on the other. Dora Wiley was satisfactory in her music, but cannot act. Richard Golden is inclined to overact, and so mars an otherwise good performance. The Mascotte was put on for the last three nights. This week, La Charbonniere, in which Mrs. D. P. Bowers has made so pronounced a hit. The co. also embraces Viola Allen, a clever young actress.

The Olympic suffered the same as the other houses, although the Kernells are a clever couple and can please their patrons. This week, Mr. Rooney's co.

The Academy was well patronized to see the dramatic spectacle, Michel Strogoff. Hoop of Gold this week.

The Thompson Opera co. did a good business at the Standard, where they appeared in The Beggar Student all the week. This week, Baker and Farron in The Emigrant.

The People's, Criterion, Chicago Museum and the Winter Garden, all did a fair business, but nothing to brag of. Baylies and Kennedy's Bright Lights fill Christmas week at the People's, and the Alice Oates Burlesque co. New Year's week.

Good Move: Manager C. H. McConnell has determined to pull down the name of Haverly over his theatre and call it "McConnell's."

CINCINNATI.

The interest of the week apparently centered in the appearance of Margaret Mather at Heuck's, judging from the attendance accorded the fair artiste during her engagement. The repertoire for the week was extensive enough to satisfy the most exacting, and served admirably to display the versatility of the accomplished young artiste. Next to Romeo and Juliet, with the excellent support rendered by the Messrs. Paulding, Levick and Davidson, and Mrs. Jameson, the production of the Honeymoon, with Miss Mather as Juliana, proved the most attractive programme of the week, though the interest in the comedy was much enhanced by Milnes Levick's Duke Aranza. To those interested in Margaret Mather's success—and there are many in Cincinnati—her rapid progress during her brief stage career must be a matter of marvel as well as congratulation. With the accessories of youth, beauty and brilliant elocution, combined with the advantage of such a manager as Hill, the artiste's future gives promise of rivaling the world-wide fame of Neilson. Fred Paulding, who divides with Milnes Levick the leading business, created a good impression during the week, and was, with the star, awarded several deserved recalls. The support throughout was excellent, and the several programmes of the week were given with a smoothness of detail that conduced largely to the general success. This week, Harry Miner's Silver King, with Fred. de Belleville in the title role, followed 20th by Michel Strogoff.

At Havlin's, Helen Sedgwick in The Silver Spur constituted the week's attraction. The artiste's stage business is largely patterned after Lotta's, and despite the fact of unusually strong counter-attractions, the new star held her own in the matter of attendance during the week's engagement. Manager Havlin presented those who patronized the theatre 15th with a souvenir, a silver spur to be used as a watch charm. Miss Sedgwick's banjo playing and singing were above the average, her vocalism being especially attractive and meeting with immediate recognition. This week, Janauschek, in Harry Meredith's play, My Life, followed 20th by the Hoop of Gold comb.; Jan. 4, Scanlan, in The Irish Minstrel; 11th, Thompson's Beggar Student Opera co.

Storm-Beaten, as already telegraphed, was produced 14th at the Grand, in the presence of a large and enthusiastic audience. The excellence of its cast, combined with the superb scenery and stage effects, was sufficient to insure a satisfactory business at the box-office during the remainder of the week. Edmund Collier's Christian Christianson was admirably rendered, as also John T. Burke's Richard Orchardson. Gus Bruno (in days of yore one of the original Mestayer Tourists) acquitted himself creditably in the role of Jabez Green. The play is probably the best of its kind seen here in several seasons, and with its present cast and splendid mounting is a decided attraction. Maggie Mitchell begins her holiday engagement of two weeks with Fanchon, 22d. Lorle, Pearl of Savoy, Little Savage and Little Barefoot will all be presented during her stay. Evans and Hoey's Parlor Match comb., Jan. 4.

At the People's, Crimes of London was presented during the week by a rather light-waisted co., under the management of Charles McDonald, a former Cincinnatian, and though liberally advertised failed to materialize successfully from either a monetary or an artistic standpoint. This week, Mart Hanley's Dan's Tribulations co., followed 28th by Montague's Dude comb

Facts: Harry Sargent, who has replaced Edward Taylor as business manager for Janauschek, arrived 18th.—Manager Jim Fennessy, of Heuck's, who has been absent during the week visiting Boston, returned 21st.—Fabrini's educated walrus, which has been one of the leading attractions at Harris' Museum for the past week, and whose performance created a genuine sensation, died in the Museum 17th, the result of a severe cold recently contracted.—The Rentz-Santley Burlesque and Novelty comb., under the management of James Collins, late of this city, filled out the vacant date 21st at the Grand Opera House.—Manager Harris is booming his circus season at Robinson's, which begins 22d, in energetic style. The novelty of the affair, coupled with reasonable prices and an excellent programme, will doubtless pack the theatre.—In addition to Charles Fish, the equestrian, Manager Harris has secured the services of the Forepaugh Family.—The extreme cold weather which prevailed during the greater part of the week proved rather demoralizing to theatrical attendance.—Manager Gabriel, at the Vine Street Opera House, favored the frequenters of that resort with an enjoyable bill during the past week, the main features being Alf Liston's musical act, the Watson Brothers in their gymnastic specialties, Joe and Anne Burgess, Orin Dixon, ventriloquist, and Howe and Doyle, clever song-and-dance artists.—Charles Heck, advance agent of the Hoop of Gold comb.; Bruno Kennicott, representing the Rentz-Santley party; and H. E. Sandford, doing the announcement act for Maggie Mitchell, were among the many arrivals of the week.—Reuben R. Springer, a local millionaire, recently deceased, to whose generosity Cincinnati is mainly indebted for her massive Music Hall and College of Music, in his will, probated 16th, endows both institutions with considerable additional funds.—Manager R. E. J. Miles is home from New York, and will remain in this vicinity during the holidays.—The Messiah will be rendered at Music Hall 25th.

SAN FRANCISCO.

DEC. 15.

Sheridan has just closed a very successful three weeks engagement at the Baldwin, all things considered. In rather poor form at first, he has gradually improved, and his final representations of Shylock have been characterized with the same vigor, study and artistic care that marked his previous performances in this city, and which stamped him as one of the best representatives of the character now on the stage. Sheridan is a great favorite here, and if he only exercises ordinary caution in regard to his personal welfare, can always command large audiences. His management had intended to star him in the Winter, but the actor has wisely decided to take a much needed rest. Of the actors who support him it is only necessary to mention Louise Davenport, who gives frequent indications of hard work and constant improvement; and Harry Mainhall, who has won praise in every part he has undertaken, and whose dressing and acting of the part of the poet in The Fool's Revenge was a fine effort and a charming picture. The stage management was characterized by the usual liberality that distinguished this house, and in the correctness and attention to details left nothing to be desired. It is a pleasure to note that the rumor in regard to the closing of this beautiful theatre, the handsomest in the city, is without foundation. A report was current that it was to be turned into stores and offices, but as nearly all the dates for the coming year have already been filled the probability of its meeting with such a fate is fortunately still far distant. Rose Eytinge opens to-night, after an absence of five years, in Felicia, supported by her own co. Her engagement is limited to one week. This will be followed by a revival of The Private Secretary, with J. N. Long and his "galoshes" in the principal part. On the 29th Emma Abbott's English co. will begin a season of opera.

On the first day of January Manager Heyman assumes control of the California Theatre, and will manage it in addition to the Baldwin. The date of the opening has not yet been fixed. It will probably be diverted to the use of stars, while the regular stock co. will continue to hold sway at his old theatre. For the latter such strong actors as Lewis Morrison, Gerald Eyre, Isabel Morris, Jean Clara Walters, George Osborne and A. Stockwell, have already been engaged, and San Franciscans are anticipating a rare season of fine comedy.

Among the attractions said to be already underlined for the new theatre, may be named The Shadows of a Great City, La Charbonniere, Wages of Sin, May Blossom, Silver King, Fanny Davenport, Mlle. Theo, Boucicault, Jefferson, Kiralfy Brothers and the Bartley Campbell and Madison Square plays.

Emerson's World's Fair co. closed at the Bush Street Theatre last night, after a very profitable engagement of three weeks. The olio of the programme has been very clever, but scarce sufficient attention is given to the opening part for a first-class minstrel show. Some disappointment has been felt through the failure of the talented William to resume his place on the boards. The co. play at Sacramento and San Jose during the coming week, and return in time to begin a two weeks holiday engagement at the California Theatre. The proposed visit to the World's Fair at New Orleans has evidently not been definitely decided upon. Leavitt's New Gigantic Specialty co. opens at the Bush Street to-night.

The Standard Minstrels do not appear to have suffered from strong opposition in their line at other places of amusement. The opening part has received special attention and Seaman and Gerard as end men fairly divide the honors with the old-timers, Reed and Johnson. The feature of four end-men has been well received, and will doubtless be retained for some time to come. A careful selection of balladists, with new and popular songs, helps to maintain the strong character of this part of the programme, while the finale, The Authors' Carnival, is one of the funniest things seen here in some time. Charley Reed's new burlesque, Shavings, is very clever and capable of holding the fort for several weeks; but new attractions are promised this week.

Crowded houses continue to rule at the Tivoli, fine opera at low prices being the attraction. Verdi's Un Ballo Maschera has been rendered in first-class style to delighted audiences. Helen Dingeon, Signora Bernardi and Zeppilli and Signor Baldauza are the bright, particular stars.

A Mountain Daisy was presented at the Grand Opera House during the week. To-night a grand spectacular presentation of Nana Sahib is promised under the supervision and management of George W. Wessels, who will assume the title. Wessels is a good actor, and withal popular, and will, doubtless, brighten things up at his old house—provided there is any "go" in it.

Coast Surveys: Franz Reinan, who has acquired considerable reputation as a German actor here, is devoting himself to the study of the English language, prior, so it is said, to taking a place in the stock co. at the Baldwin. A recent private reading of Hamlet and other difficult passages is reported to presage success in his effort. William Lloyd takes Wessels' place during the latter's absence from the Baldwin.—Jay Rial's management of the Bush Street Theatre has ceased, and after to-day will be assumed by Charles P. Hall, formerly treasurer of the theatre.—Frederick Corbett, a clever juvenile, who has been connected with the Baldwin for some time past, left for New York last week.—Louise Davenport is booked for a short starring tour in the interior. She opens at Los Angeles on the 19th. She is a favorite there, having played in the City of the Angels with Sheridan a short time ago.—A Sunday night season of six weeks of the German tragedienne, Mme. Irscheck, is promised under the management of Sol Hirsch.—James M. Ward is reported to have done well at Los Angeles, and was tendered a good house at his benefit on the 6th inst. Eileen Oge was the card.

ALABAMA.

HUNTSVILLE.

Opera House (Oscar R. Hundley, manager): The Galley Slave was presented by Clara Morris' co. 11th, to a fair audience, who were well pleased. Carrie Swain, 31st, in Little Joker.

COLORADO.

DENVER.

Tabor Grand Opera House (Peter McCourt, manager): That Emma Abbott has a strong hold on the heart strings of the Denver public was demonstrated by the reception accorded her during her recent engagement. The audiences were large, and, as usual, very appreciative. The gentleman who made the wide jump from the pulpit to the stage occupies the boards current week. Christmas has always been a particularly good week heretofore, and as Mr. Miln was quite favorably received when here a year ago, I think he will do well. Daly's Vacation co., 29th.

Rills: Business has picked up at the Tabor for a month or two past.—"Joe," the taker of tickets at the Tabor, has the reputation of being a very stern and forbidding person. He fixes a steel-like gaze on the fakir, who withers immediately, and has not the courage to go further. But he is a very nice fellow when you know him.—It's a pity the fuss at the Academy is not settled.—One Ford, an employe, has been made deputy sheriff, and he looks unrelentingly on all approachers. He can be be seen there night and day.—Prof. Wolf has added a new supply to his large stock of music. I heard a person once remark that he went to hear the music as much as he did to see the play at the Tabor.—The stage settings during the Abbott engagement showed how efficient the behind-the-scenes force is at the Tabor. Nothing escapes the eagle eye of Mr. Alexander, who is a graduate in the art of always having everything properly arranged.—Judge Beck and his wife, who brought up Nate Salsbury, entertained the Troubadours right regally while they were here.—Souvenirs, photos of Nate Salsbury and Nellie McHenry, were given out Saturday night, 13th.—Ed. Chase has closed his palace voluntarily. When the storm blows over it is thought he will reopen.—Mrs. Hugh Fay has returned to New York, but I am told Mr. Fay is still at Colorado Springs. —Laura Bellini is destined to become very popular. She is a most pleasing lady.—The Troubadours were made to think that there is no place like Denver for fun. The supper given at the Weiner Buffet, on 11th, in their honor, proved to be a very enjoyable affair.

Later: John McFaddon and P. T. Hughes have come to an amicable understanding, and will throw the Academy open once more. It will be thoroughly refitted and be ready for use about the 22d of next month. —Advices reach us that Whelan's Dramatic co.'s career has come to an end in Rawlins.

CONNECTICUT.

NEW HAVEN.

New Haven Opera House (Horace Wall, manager): Under the title of Three Wives to One Husband; or, Nice and Warm, the present Union Square success was presented for the first time by the co. under the management of W. A. Edwards, 18th. The cast was as follows:

Ralph Fielding	J. B. Polk
Andrew Dobehard	Raymond Holmes
Mr. Dobehard	Rudolph H. Strong
Mr. Fielding	Bart. W. Wallace
Mr. Spicer	Jay Hunt
Mr. Bouquet	Reginald G. Martin
Mr. Smith	L. A. Williams
Paddy	W. A. Lavelle
Pigeonnette	Julia A. Polk
Euphenia	Genevieve Mann
Julia Spicer	Elsie Gerome
Mrs. Spicer	Mary Grey
Mrs. Batterby	Annie Deland
Marie Bouquet	Miss Patrice
Biddy	Emily Armor

The play differs in very few respects from the metropolitan version. Some singing is introduced, which, perhaps, may be regarded as an improvement. To be candid, however, I fear for the success of the production on the road. In the first place, the farce, in spite of two long and tedious waits, lasted less than two hours, and consequently does not furnish the regulation evening's entertainment. Like Confusion, it ought to be preceded by some skit, and thus more attention paid to proscenium patience. In the second place, Three Wives may be an excellent cognomen for New Yorkers to be attracted by, but it savors too much of Mormonism and moral laxity to serve as a drawing plaster for the more saintly provincial sinners, even though "Union Square" appears on the co.'s printing with promiscuous prominence.

MYSTIC.

Central Hall (Ira W. Jackson, manager): Neil Burgess in Vim, 18th, to a light house, due to stormy night. Morris' Kindergarten, Jan. 2.

Item: Manager Jackson has made arrangements with J. J. Spies to book him attractions.

FLORIDA.

GAINESVILLE.

Simonson's Opera House (John J. Lissner, manager): Huntley's Dramatic co. presented A Celebrated Case, 10th; The Virginian, 11th; A Wife's Peril, 12th; Streets of New York, 13th, with Ardendale for matinee, to very fair business. The co. is a strong one, and gave general satisfaction.

PENSACOLA.

Pensacola Opera House (R. F. McConnell, manager): A crowded house greeted Thomas W. Keene, 8th, in Macbeth. Both he and Constance Hamblin, who made a splendid Lady Macbeth, were called before the curtain.

ILLINOIS.

SPRINGFIELD.

Chatterton's Opera House (J. H. Freeman, manager): The German Dramatic co., from McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, 15th, in a German play, and drew a medium sized audience. Barlow-Wilson's Minstrels, 17th, to a good house.

People's Theatre: Opened as a variety house, 15th, under Orr and Co.'s management, with L. J. Hickox, treasurer. Co. for opening week: Smith and Lawrence, Watragant, Fannie Norton, Al. Adams and Lottie Gray, Tony Ryan and J. G. Fletcher, Annie Jackson, Tommy White, the Healys and Ed. Lynch. Business since opening very good.

INDIANA.

LEBANON.

Opera House (S. L. Cason, manager): J. N. Rentfrow's Musical Comedy co. appeared 11th to a fair-sized audience. Mills, Rice and Barton's Bijou Minstrels to a good house, 12th; gave general satisfaction. Rice and Barton as comedians are simply immense. The Hennesy Brothers in their specialties are good.

FRANKFORT.

Coulter's Opera House (T. J. Smith, manager): C. A. Gardner in Karl, the Peddler, 13th, to only fair business. Excellent entertainment.

IOWA.

KEOKUK.

Keokuk Opera House (Harrison Tucker, manager): Barlow-Wilson's Minstrels, 15th, to a fair house. Fay Templeton is announced for 18th, in The Coquette. A rumor has obtained circulation that this clever comic opera artiste is sick abed at Aurora, Ill., and it will likely affect the size of the audience. She failed to appear at Burlington, 17th. Lizzie May Ulmer, 26th or 27th; Clark and Williams in Our Married Men, Jan. 1; Rentfrow's Prthfinders, 3d; Rice's Surprise Party, 7th; Patti Rosa, 9th; Two Johns co., 13th; Twain-Cable, 14th; Lily Clay's Adamless Eden, 16th; Romany Rye, 21st and 22d; Jumbo Davis, 28th; Laura Dainty, 31st

Later: A telegram just received from John Templeton announces the severe illness of Fay. She is at Aurora, Ill.

DES MOINES.

Foster's Opera House (William Foster, manager): Edward Clayburgh's Creole co. to very light business, 18th, due to the bitter cold weather. Helen Blythe's rendition of the Creole was a magnificent piece of acting, and engaged the closest attention of her audience to the close. Francis Kemble, as Nina, was very charming.

KANSAS.

LEAVENWORTH.

Grand Opera House (Ed. A. Church, manager): The Grau Opera co., 12th, in Queen's Lace Handkerchief, Little Duke, 13th. Excellent attendance on opening night, but the rendition of the opera was not such as our people had anticipated. Mr. Grau informed your representative that he had had the misfortune since he left the South to have a number of his best people afflicted with typhoid fever, severe colds, etc. From this it would be rather unfair to harshly criticise the entertainment. The Queen was fairly done by Katie DeWolf, who had appeared in it once before. The chief and best character was the Prime Minister of Portugal by Joseph Greensfelder. The part of the King, by Amy Harvey, was cleverly done. The chorus was fine. Thatcher, Primrose and West's Minstrels, 15th, to a crowded house. The performance opened with the customary first part, and although there was a notable absence of negro melodies, the songs and jokes were entirely new. George Thatcher, Primrose and West, Billy Rice, George H. Edwards and Frank McNish were the trump cards of the evening; and as each familiar face came before the footlights it would be difficult to decide who ranked first in favor. One thing specially noticeable was the air of refinement that ran through the whole entertainment. Silver King, 19th, to an immense audience. F. C. Bangs as the Silver King and Charlotte Behrens as Nellie Denver may be specially mentioned. Recalls followed every act, and each familiar expression brought a round of applause.

TOPEKA.

Crawford's Opera House (L. M. Crawford, manager): Dec. 12 and 13, Milton Nobles, supported by his wife, Dollie Nobles, and an unusually powerful co., among whom were Frank Aiken and Agnes Herndon, gave a most excellent rendition of Love and Law, Nobles' latest and best play, with Interviews for the matinee. Thatcher, Primrose and West's Minstrel's, 17th. The orchestra and the singing were the best ever heard in a minstrel show in Topeka.

KENTUCKY.

LOUISVILLE.

Macauley's (John T. Macauley, proprietor): Maggie Mitchell, in her engagement last week, failed to score her usual box-office success, although her business was fairly good. Her new play, Maggie, the Midget, was presented for the first time in this city. This piece cannot be considered much of an acquisition. Siberia, 22d, week; Storm-Beaten, 29th, week.

Masonic Temple Theatre (W. H. Meffert, manager): Burr Oaks was presented during week of 14th to small and discouraging houses. Even the Press Club benefit, a matinee performance 17th, was poorly attended. Janish, 22d, week; Seven Ravens, 29th, week.

New Grand (J. P. Whallen, proprietor): Mattie Vickers, as Jacquine, appeared during the week beginning 13th to small but wel-pleased audiences. Rag Baby, 22d, week; Galley Slave, 29th, week.

Harris' Museum (P. Harris, proprietor): This place also felt the depression in business, and the attendance at the performance of Miss Multon by the Agnes Wallace-Villa co. was extremely poor compared with the preceding weeks. Next week, J. H. Keane in a variety of plays.

MASSACHUSETTS.

WALTHAM.

Music Hall (W. D. Bradstreet, manager): Prof. Miller, magician, gave a good entertainment to small house, 15th. Leopold Brothers, in Frivolity, 18th, to fair house. Boston Museum co. and Sol Smith Russell in The Governor, Jan. 2.

BROCKTON.

City Theatre (W. W. Cross, manager): Atkinson's Comedy co presented Peck's Bad Boy to a good house, 16th. Robson and Crane, in their amusing comedy, Our Boarding-house, played to fair audience, 18th; Charles Fostelle in Mrs. Partington, 25th.

Opera House (H. L. Bryant, manager): Callender's Minstrels played to poor business at low prices, 13th. Acme Comic Opera co., with a change of bill nightly, week of 22d.

Personal: Harry Chapman, the New York agent for the City Theatre, is spending a few days in this city.

MICHIGAN.

JACKSON.

Hibbard Opera House (C. J. Whitney, manager): Jacques Kruger's Dreams, 15th, with but little success, either artistically or financially. Kruger claims to have been "broken up" by a peculiar laugh in the audience. Romany Rye, 17th, to fair house. Walter Dennis, as Jack, and Mrs. W. G. Jones, as Mother Shipton, scored successes.

Spice: Henry G. Berger laid over one train last week to tell the folks that he was to bring Janish here Jan. 3. —An effort is being made to bring Kistori to Jackson. A certainty of $1,000 is asked.—Roland Reed has passed through Jackson twice during the past week.—I was an eye-witness to a little incident while dining at the same table with the Harold Armytage of one of the Lights o' London combs. Harold came to the table with two of the ladies of the co., and performed all duties that any gallant could, going so far as to use his napkin for the service of both. Asking about it later, I found out that both ladies were "stuck" on him, and won't give the poor fellow a moment's peace. If he goes to the table with one, the other is sure to follow directly, and were one to have a few words more with him than the other, a spat would immediately follow. One of the ladies does leading business, and the love scenes are the truest I ever saw on the stage.

DETROIT.

Detroit Opera House (Charles A. Shaw, manager): Roland Reed in Humbug and Cheek played a three nights' engagement Dec. 15, 16, 17 to good business. Cheek has been seen here before, but Humbug is in its first season. It has a great many funny situations, and goes with a quick movement from beginning to end. Mr. Reed did much to make the audience laugh, and was assisted by a very good co. Mme. Janish played Camille, Dec. 18, Leonore 19th and Louisa, 20th, to large and enthusiastic audiences.

BATTLE CREEK.

Hamblin's Opera House (W. H. E

atre, and a very good performance is given. On the second floor is the curiosity hall. Business at first was very good, but the intense cold of the last few days has quieted business to some extent.

Wedding Bells: Dec. 17, by Rev. Dr. James Runcie, at the Episcopal rectory, Mr. E. E. Hume, business manager of the Silver King co., and Miss Charlotte Behrens, leading lady of the same. After evening performance the entire co. was invited to an elegant repast at the Pacific House, and all united in wishing bride and groom long life, prosperity and happiness. The co. although taken completely by surprise, responded nobly, and Mr. and Mrs. Hume have many very handsome tokens of remembrance. As Miss Behrens is a fine actress and Mr. Hume a genial gentleman, your correspondent most heartily joins with co. in their expressions of good will.

Personal: Manager F. F. Schrader has made arrangements to dramatize Edward Howe's "Story of a Country Town." Mr. Schrader has had considerable experience in this kind of work, and with the strong plot and dramatic situations which the story contains, will doubtless succeed in making a strong play. I am informed that a popular star, who is now playing to large business in the East, is very anxious to secure a dramatization of this story.—Manager Corydon F. Craig of the Gillis Opera House is in town and is happy and jubilant over the large business being done by his popular house.

KANSAS CITY.

Coates Opera House (Mel. H. Hudson, manager): Grau's English Opera co. opened for a three nights' engagement, 15th. Queen's Lace Handkerchief and Little Duke. In the Handkerchief Joseph S. Greenfelder sang the part of the Prime Minister to Portugal and Max Figman the part of Don Sancho in very fine style. Amy Harvey as the Queen did only fairly well. Little Duke, on Wednesday night, failed to draw. Business light.

Gillis Opera House (Corydon F. Craig, manager): La Charbonniere was presented the first three nights week of 15th. The play is one full of interest and realism. It is an emotional drama of considerable power. Mrs. D. P. Bowers personated the character of Catherine. Her dramatic outbursts were heartily applauded. It was much regretted that Viola Allen, who plays the part of Pompon, dies in the third act. She became quite a favorite. Lizzie Creese as Pelagrie and Joseph Frankau as Narcisse were both worthy of mention.

MONTANA.

BUTTE CITY.

The Kate Castleton Comedy co., in All at Sea, opened on Maguire's circuit at Missoula, 15th, for one performance; thence Deer Lodge, 16th and 17th; Butte, 18th, 19th, 20th and one matinee; Anaconda, 22d and 23d; Helena, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th and two matinees; thence eastward to Bozeman for two nights, 29th and 30th, and New Year's night at Livingston.

Louis Villemaire, acting manager for John Maguire, has gone East, and while there will arrange for the new stock co. that Maguire promised us some time since.

NEW JERSEY.

JERSEY CITY.

Academy of Music (William Henderson, manager): Peck's Bad Boy drew only moderate houses, 18th, 19th and 20th. Beaven's All-Star Specialty troupe, 23d and 24th, with matinee 24th. Latter half of week Neil Burgess.

Washburn's Museum: A good house greeted Denier's H. D. co. 22d. They have good specialty people, and will remain a week.

NEWARK.

Park Theatre (Leonard Gray, manager): Maubury and Overton's Wages of Sin co. did a fine business all last week. Gus Williams comes 25th, 26th and 27th in Captain Mishler.

NEW YORK.

ALBANY.

Leland Opera House (Mrs. R. M. Leland, manageress): Over the Garden Wall, by Mr. and Mrs. George S. Knight, was the only event last week. This was seen for the first half of the week by fair and undoubtedly well-pleased audiences. The house was closed during the latter half of the week, a condition in which it will remain until the appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Florence on Wednesday of the current week. They will remain for four nights.

Brevities: Treasurer Hastings of the Leland was pictured in the *Evening Journal* of Saturday as one of our local celebrities.

ROCHESTER.

Corinthian Academy of Music (P. H. Lehnen, manager): Rhea did a nice business, 8th and 9th, appearing in Yvonne. The last half of the week the Moore and Holmes Burlesque co. to poor business. On Saturday (matinee) the sales at the box-office amounted to $2, and the money was refunded. No performance. In the evening $36 was taken in. This week W. J. Scanlan.

Grand Opera House (Philip H. Lehnen, manager): The only attraction last week was Kate Claxton, who appeared in The Sea of Ice the last three nights to medium business. Evans and Hoey's Minstrels, 25th, 26th and 27th; Dreams, 29th and 30th.

Museum: Last week nearly 20,000 people visited this house.

Casino: Last week good business.—Christmas week a strong bill.

Pointers: Benton and Lord's Specialty co. at Germania Hall this week.—J. M. Charles, of this city, with the People's Theatre co., fell and broke his ankle while in Penn Yann.—Your correspondent sends greetings to the dear old Giddy Gusher.

AMSTERDAM.

Opera House (A. Z. Neff, manager): A fair-sized but fashionable audience greeted Rhea in Yvonne, 17th. Rhea filled the leading role with matchless force and grace, and was applauded with great fervor. The only defect noticeable was her enunciation, which at times was unintelligible. The support was excellent, especially Miss H. Clark as Countess de Grangelieu, W. J. Brooks, as Marquis de Rienfort; R. G. Wilsone, as Dr. Ferlin. At the close of the third act Rhea was recalled twice, and presented by Mr. and Mrs. Howard Carroll with a basket of flowers. Fannie Louise Buckingham, in Mazeppa, 25th.

OHIO.

ZANESVILLE.

Schultz and Co.'s Opera House (John Hoge, manager): Hanley's co. gave Dan's Tribulations, 16th, to fair business. The audience enjoyed the roaring farce very much, as its fun was quite different in character from anything we have had this season. The grocery business was admirably given, as were also the pigtail-Irish scrimmage over the clothes-line and the conflagration in the cellar. The latter was voted the most realistic fire-scene we have ever had, next to that in Ranch 10. Nervous people become a little uneasy, however, over such spectacles. Smith's Madison Square co. gave us that delightful novelty, The Private Secretary, 18th. It is without doubt the most amusing thing in a quiet way I have ever seen. Of the five prominent people—Messrs. Pitt, Kennedy, Grover and the Misses Addison and Crossman—I was at a loss to decide which deserved the most praise. The play could have been hurried through in two hours, thereby enabling the co. to get off at 10, instead of 4 the next morning; but, to Manager Smith's credit, he slighted nothing and gave a complete and exquisite performance.

Items: Dan Frohman dropped down on us unexpectedly, and it really amused me to see a veteran like him laughing at the performance just the same as common people.—Manager Hoge is in Kansas City.—Helen Sedgwick comes on Christmas.

DAYTON.

Grand (Larry H. Reist, manager): A large audience welcomed that ever-popular comedian, Nat Goodwin, 15th. A double bill was presented—Confusion, preceded by the well-known farce, To Oblige Benson. Hobbies was given 16th to a large and highly-pleased audience. This musical comedy has become a little weatherworn, and I think it will soon take the shelf. With disparagement to none, mention might be made of DeWitt and Kirwin, musical artists. Mart Hanley's co. presented Dan's Tribulations 20th to moderate business. The co. is a large one, and embraces some very clever artists.

Weidner's Opera House (J. W. Weidner, Jr., manager): Patti Rosa delighted a large audience 21st. There is little in the play Mizpah, still it affords ample opportunities for Patti Rosa to display herfelf. The charms of her voice and dancing are quite captivating. Co. good. Dickson's Sketch Club, 28th.

Pointers: Manager Reist informs me that the Christmas attraction, Keene's Richard III., will be the grandest Shakespearean performance ever given in Dayton. One hundred "supers" are being drilled for the battle scene, and on Christmas night the Grand will fairly ring with the clash of ancient armor and swords.—Mart Hanley is undoubtedly one of the most agreeable gentlemen in the profession, and it always does your correspondent good to meet him.—Wilbur Opera co. will be the New Year's attraction at the Grand.—In the Ranks will be presented at the Grand Jan. 15, 16 and 17 for the benefit of Edward King Post, G. A. R., of this city.

OREGON.

PORTLAND.

New Market Theatre (J. P. Howe, manager): The Grismer co. opened 15th in Monte Cristo, which will be played one week. Engagement is for three weeks.

Casino Opera House (A. S. Gross, manager): Princess of Trebizonde continues to good business. Jeannie Winston has achieved a great success as Raphael. Bocaccio, 15th, two weeks.

PENNSYLVANIA.

PITTSBURG.

Opera House (John A. Ellsler, manager): Devil's Auction was played last week to average poor business. Henry Irving, by the courtesy of Oliver Doud Byron, will play Monday, Tuesday, Friday and Saturday evenings. Byron had the entire week. On Monday and Tuesday evenings Byron will play in Petrolia and Butler, Pa., respectively.

Library Hall (Fred. A. Parke, manager): The Hanlons did only a fair business last week. Seven Ravens, 22d; Salsbury's Troubadours, 29th.

Academy (H. W. Williams, manager): Bayliss and Kennedy's Bright Light comb. played last week to fair business only. The co. is rather weak. Kernells' New Enterprise, 22d; Horseshoe Four comb., 29th.

Harris Museum (P. Harris, manager): Harris' Juvenile Opera co. did a very fair business last week.

HARRISBURG.

Opera House (Markley and Till, managers): A Midnight Marriage was the attraction 18th, and met with a fair attendance. William Redmond and Mrs. Thomas Barry, the stellar attractions, were somewhat superior to their surroundings, as the co., excepting W. F. Owen, was of average merit only. The masculine star specially won the sympathy of the audience by his melodious voice and graceful figure, while his feminine compeer was happy in attaining the same result in her own bright way. The costumes and scenery were both handsome and historically correct. The stars and play were new to our city, which in some respects may account for the comparatively small attendance.

Terrible: We have five skating-rinks in operation, large and small, and all doing a paying business, and consequently doing an injury to theatricals; which may be understood when one of them has cleared $8,000 during the past season.

WILLIAMSPORT.

Academy of Music (William G. Elliot, proprietor): Bennett and Moulton's Opera co. 15th, 16th and two performances 17th—Chimes of Normandy, Olivette and Pinafore—to standing-room only. The audiences were thoroughly delighted with the productions. Ben Lodge, E. P. Smith, H. Bullard, S. Corey, A. Wooley, Bessie Fairbairn, Mamie Upton, Mamie Bruce, Carrie Lamont and Susie Fulton deserve mentioning. They were greatly admired. The success of the engagement was marvellous, the house being crowded at each of the eight performances.

RHODE ISLAND.

PROVIDENCE.

Low's Grand Opera House (W. H. Low, proprietor; Neil Burgess in Vim played to very light business, 15th and 16th. On the 18th, 19th and 20th the Stafford-Foster comb. appeared before very small houses, probably owing to the fact that this was their first engagement here. Instead of Gillette's Private Secretary appearing here this week, as before reported, the Bijou Opera co. in Orpheus and Eurydice opens on Wednesday for balance of week. House closed until Jan. 1, when Dominick Murray in Escaped from Sing Sing, under the management of Rich and Harris, opened for three nights.

Providence Opera House: Lotta opened 15th for a week, Mam'zelle, Nitouche and The Little Detective being given. Her engagement must have been very unsatisfactory, as at no time was the house what might be called even fair. Frank Sanger's Bunch of Keys, Christmas week.

Theatre Comique (Hopkins and Morrow, managers): The poorest entertainment ever presented here. This week will be seen The American Four (Pettengill, Gale, Dailey and Daily) Leclair and Russell, Marlow and Regan, Mame, Bessie, assisted by Robinson, in Arabian Nights Dream, Maggie Cline, Rosa Lee and the Mastodons.

Dime Museum: The attractions for the holidays are the Burmise Band, Goldie Grace, Sandilands and Earline, Caroline Cushman, the Colored Prima Donna, Arada Maxwell, Billy Watson, the Olympian Colored Quintette and the Bohemian Glass Blowers.

Another: There is talk of another theatre being built on Westminster street for the production of first-class plays at popular prices. It is rumored that parties are negotiating with the management of Music Hall, to have it remodeled into a theatre. We hope they will get it, as our city needs more places of amusement. The entrance to Music Hall is one of its greatest recommendations.

TEXAS.

DALLAS.

Dallas Opera House (Charles Benton, manager): Cal Wagner's Minstrels, 7th, to a good house. Noxon-Katzenberg co., 8th and 9th, presented Pledged; or, Fun in a Pawn Shop to good houses. Mr. Katzenberg made quite an impression and a great many friends in Dallas. Ford's Opera co. will appear 24th and 25th; Milton Nobles, 29th and 30th; Misco Humpty Dumpty, Jan. 1; Banker's Daughter, 2d and 3d; Strategists, 7th and 8th.

HOUSTON.

Pillot's Opera House (J. E. Reilly, manager): Carrie Swain, in The Little Joker, 17th, opened for two nights and a matinee. Only moderate business.

UTAH.

SALT LAKE CITY.

Salt Lake Theatre (Caine and Clawson, managers): Leavitt's Specialty co., 11th and 12th; full houses. The co. is a good one, and not one of the performers failed to call out vociferous applause. The juggler, Valjean, has never been equalled in this city. The Iron-Jawed Lady, Mlle. Dorina, excels anything before seen here. The character imitations of Frank Bush were as fine as anything of the kind ever done in this city. Isabel Ward plays the Xylophone very well indeed. The caricature drawing of Patrick Reilley called forth the most unbounded applause. The Olympia Quartette, the two Barneys and Lillian and Frank White all fill in to make a most enjoyable evening's entertainment.

Rush: Emma Abbott holds the boards, 22d to 25th. Box-office opened 15th. Great rush. Special trains will be run from Ogden and Provo.—Kate Castleton's dates have been cancelled, as Manager Maguire of the Walker Opera House would not allow her his houses in Butte and Helena (Montana) unless she played at his house here. This she declined to do.

VIRGINIA.

LYNCHBURG.

Opera House (T. H. Simpson, manager): Little's World co., 15th and 16th, to good business. The scenery is fresh, and the co. much better than that of last season.

DANVILLE.

Pace's Opera House (Ellyson Brothers, managers): House packed Tuesday night, 16th, with the elite of the town, to witness the performance of Sheridan's popular comedy, The Rivals, by amateur talent. The piece was given under the auspices of the Ladies' Benevolent Society of Danville, Mrs. A. C. Green managing. Following was the cast:

Sir Anthony Absolute	L. Dibrell
Capt. Absolute	J. D. Ficklen
Faulkland	G. S. Wooding
Bob Acres	R. Page
Sir Lucius O'Trigger	E. Randolph
Fag	J. C. Green
David	A. H. Weld
Servant	B. Carrington
Mrs. Malaprop	Annie Cabell
Lydia Languish	Ruth Hairston
Julia	Mrs. L. Dibrell
Lucy	S. M. Gravely

Miss Cabell, Miss Hairston, Mrs. Dibrell and Mr. Page acquitted themselves successfully and deserve much credit. Mr. Dibrell and Mr. Wooding are worthy special mention. The rest of the co. acted their respective parts very well. Taken as a whole, the performance was voted a grand success. The play was repeated at a matinee 17th.

WISCONSIN.

MILWAUKEE.

Grand Opera House (R. L. Marsh, manager): Last week, Lizzie May Ulmer in Dad's Girl was the attraction, the engagement lasting until the 19th. Of the play, nothing much can be said. As Dad's Girl, Miss Ulmer acts with feeling and shows herself possessed of not a little talent, and will without doubt succeed. The part of David Hoskins was admirably taken by that sterling actor, George C. Boniface, who seems to be at home no matter where his lines may be cast. The co. throughout is stronger than generally falls to the lot of plays of this kind. The scene, Nantasket Beach by Moonlight, was particularly fine. One thing in particular we like about Miss Ulmer—she is a decided brunette. Most of the stars of her magnitude are so very blonde that a real live brunette is a treat.

'Tis True: Seated in Manager Marsh's cosy little office, last Monday evening, were Edward Thurnaer, business agent Mountain Pink; R. O. Gilroy, representing Lizzie May Ulmer; George T. Ulmer, and E. D. Griswold, agent Hoop of Gold, comparing notes and swapping lies.—Laura Dainty will give a reception at the Plankinton House next Monday afternoon. She has many friends in this city.

Another: In the parlors of the Kirby House on the 14th, Miss Leontine de Ville, of the Fay Templeton troupe, and a Mr. Graham, of the Boston Ideals, were married. After the evening performance a supper was given the bridal pair, and a merry hour followed.

SHEBOYGAN.

Sheboygan Opera House (J. M. Kohler, manager): Only a Farmer's Daughter to biggest house of the season, 22d. Laura E. Dainty in A Mountain Pink, 26th.

Chips: S. Philleo, who, since he left Whiteley's Hidden Hand co., has been employed as book-keeper for a large mercantile establishment here, has gone back to his first-love—the stage. He is now with Carrie Swain.—I think I have said once before that I thought Miss Radcliffe one of the sweetest and most charming actresses in the profession, but that can not prevent me from saying so again. She is with Katie Putnam.

CANADA.

MONTREAL.

Academy of Music (Henry Thomas, manager): Storm-Beaten co., week of 15th, played to poor business. The co., with an exception or two, is a good one. The toboggan slides are drawing all the people from the theatres.

Queen's Hall (Henry Thomas, manager): The Mendelssohn Choir gave a very fine concert 10th. Mrs. E. Humphrey-Allen, Miss Wonham and Wolf Fries of Boston contributed a large share to the success.

Royal Theatre Museum: Gilmour co. in Rosedale drew crowded houses week of 15th. Performance fair.

Montreal Museum: Leonzo Brothers and dogs in a couple of border plays filled a good week's engagement opening 15th.

CHATHAM.

Grand Opera House (Peter Rutherford, manager): The Black Flag was presented, 15th, to a medium-sized audience, by Edwin Thorne and his excellent co. Mr. Thorne as Harry was followed through his various mishaps with sympathetic attention. Harry Hawk, who is a quaint and humorous actor, impersonated Sim Lazarus, the Jew, and succeeded in keeping the audience in roars by his irristible funnyisms. Ned was acted by Master Henry Woodruff, a very clever boy. The production was altogether admirable as far as the cast was concerned, but the scenery advertised was not used, and in consequence the majority of the audience were disappointed.

WINNIPEG.

Princess Opera House (C. W. Sharpe, manager): The Winnipeg Operatic Society sang and acted the Pirates of Penzance, 18th and 19th, to crowded houses. The performance was decidedly amateur. Credit must be given to Dr. Macglagan, musical director, and H. J. Prince, stage manager, for doing so well with the local material at their disposal.

Victoria Theatre (D. Rogers, manager): A new and excellent programme last week. The renewals are Harry and Minnie Wood, Morton and Leslie, Charles Raynard, Nellie Fillmore, Sybil Spencer, James Summers, W. Wilson and Nellie Wood.

DATES AHEAD.

Managers of travelling combinations will favor us by sending every week advance dates, and mailing the same in time to reach us on Monday.

DRAMATIC COMPANIES.

A Mountain Pink Co. (Bella Moore): Sharon, Pa., 26; Newcastle, 27; E. Liverpool, O., 29; Wheeling, W. Va., 31, Jan. 1; Washington, Pa., 2; Braddock, 3; McKeesport, 5; Uniontown, 6; Connellsville, 7; Greensburg, 8; Irwin, 9; Latrobe, 10; Johnstown, 12, Altoona, 13; Tyrone, 14.

A Mountain Pink (Laura E. Dainty): Milwaukee, 21 to 25; Sheboygan, 26; Oshkosh, 27; Beloit, 31.

Ada Gray: Danbury, Ct., 25.

Aimee: N. Y. City, 15, two weeks; Scranton, Pa., 30; Williamsport, 31; Hot Springs, Ark., Jan. 16, 17.

Agnes Wallace and Sam B. Villa: Evansville, Ind., 22, week.

Atkinson's Bad Boy Co. No. 1: Chelsea, Mass., 23; Nashua, N. H., 26; Manchester, 27; Laconia, 29.

Atkinson's Bad Boy Co. No. 2: Norfolk, Va., 25, 26; Richmond, 27; Raleigh, N. C., 29; Goldsboro, 30; Wilmington, 31, Jan. 1; Charlotte, 2; Columbia, S. C., 3; Augusta, Ga., 5, 6; Charleston, S. C., 7, 8, Savannah, Ga., 9, 10; Macon, 12, 13; Atlanta, 14, 15; Columbus, 16; Montgomery, Ala., 17.

Atkinson's Jollities: Holyoke, Mass., 25.

American Comedy Co. Binghamton, N. Y., 25, 26.

Baker and Farson: Chicago, 15, two weeks, Beloit, Wis., 29; Watertown, 30; Fond du Lac, 31; Milwaukee, Jan. 1 to 4; Chillicothe, O., 9.

Bartley Campbell's White Slave Co.: Philadelphia, 22, week; N. Y. City, 29, week; Albany, Jan. 3, 6, 7; Troy, 8, 9, 10; Buffalo, 12, 13, 14; Brantford, Ont., 15; Chatham, 16; London, 17; Port Huron, 19, Bay City, Mich., 20, E. Saginaw, 21; Detroit, 22, 23, 24.

Bartley Campbell's Separation Co.: Columbus, O., 25, 26, 27; Louisville, 29, week.

Bartley Campbell's Siberia Co.: Louisville, 22, week; St. Louis, 29, week; Kansas City, Jan. 5, week; Topeka, Kas., 12, 13, 14; St. Joseph, Mo., 15, 16, 17; Quincy, Ill., 19, 20; Springfield, 21, 22; Peoria, 23, 24; Davenport, Ia., 26, 27; Des Moines, 28, 29; Omaha, Neb., 30, 31; St. Paul, Feb. 2, week; Minneapolis, 9, week; Cedar Rapids, Ia., 16, week.

Bartley Campbell's Galley Slave Co.: Springfield, Mo., 25; Columbia, Kas., 26, Parsons, 27; Harper, 29; Wellington, 30; Caldwell, 31; Wichita, Jan. 1; Hutchinson, 2; McPherson, 3.

Brooks and Dickson's La Charbonniere Co.: Chicago, 22, week; Flint, Mich., 30.

Barry and Fay: Williamsburg, 29, week; N. Y. City, Jan. 5, week.

Burr Oaks Co.: Evansville, Ind., 25, 26, 27; Indianapolis, 29, 30, 31; Chillicothe, O., Jan. 1, 2; Cumberland, Md., 3; Washington, 5, week.

Boston Museum Co.: Waltham, Mass., Jan. 2.

Boston Theatre Youth Co.: Washington, 22, week; Pittsburg, 24, week; Cincinnati, Jan. 5, week; Louisville, 12, week; Chicago, 19, week.

Bunch of Keys (Frank Sanger, manager): Providence, 22, week; Buffalo, 29, week; Pittsburg, Jan. 3, week; Cleveland, 12, week.

Bunch of Keys (Bride and Frear's): Tiffin, O., 24, 25, 26; Fostoria, 27; Upper Sandusky, 29; Newark, Jan. 1; Mansfield, 2; Ravenna, 3; Warren, 5; Jamestown, N.Y., 6; St. Catherines, Ont., 7; Hamilton, 8, 9; Brantford, 10; St. Thomas, 12, 13; Chatham, 14; London, 15, 16; Woodstock, 17.

Bunch of Keys (Dudley McAdow, manager): Wilkesbarre, Pa., 25; Scranton, 26; Towanda, 27; Hornellsville, N.Y., 29; Olean, 30; Bolivar, 31; Bradford, Pa., Jan. 1; Newcastle, 2; Youngstown, O., 3; Akron, 5; Canton, 6; Massillon, 7; Mt. Vernon, 8; Delaware, 9; Marion, 10; Kenton, 12; Findlay, 13; Bellefontaine, 14; Xenia, 15; Piqua, 16; Muncie, Ind., 17.

Bandmann-Beaudet Co.: Ottawa, Ont., 22, week; Brockville, 29, 30, 31; Kingston, Jan. 1, 2, 3; Rochester, 5, week; Wilmington, Del., 12, week; Albany, N. Y., 19, week; Troy, 26, week.

Boston Comedy Co.: Charlotte, Mich., 25.

Barney McAuley: Wilmington, Del., 25.

Beane-Gilday Co.: Manchester, N. H., 25; Lowell, 26, 27.

Barton Comedy Co.: Sturges, Mich., 25; Constantine, 26; Schoolcraft, 27.

Baird's Dramatic Co.: Kingston, Ont., 25; Gananoque, 26; Morrisburg, 27, 29.

Clara Morris: Savannah, Ga., 26, 27; Jacksonville, Fla., 29, 30; New Orleans, Jan. 5, week.

Crossen's Banker's Daughter Co.: Austin, Tex., 25, 26; Brenham, 27; Waco, 29, 30; Fort Worth, 31, Jan. 1; Dallas, 2, 3.

C. B. Bishop: Athens, Ga., 25; Augusta, 26, 27; Savannah, 29, 30; Columbia, S. C., Jan. 1.

C. A. Gardner's Karl Co. (T. C. Lombard, manager): Sandusky, O., 25; Mansfield, 26; Lima, 27; Huntington, Ind., 29; Marion, 30; Logansport, Jan. 1; Richmond, 3; Columbus, G., 5, 6, 7.

Carrie Swain: Columbus, Ga., 25; Atlanta, 26, 27; Birmingham, Ala., 29; Huntsville, 31.

Crimes of London Co.: Richmond, Ind., 25; St. Louis, 29, week.

Charles Collins: Norwich, N. Y., 25, 26, 27.

C. L. Davis: Grand Rapids, Mich., 25; Battle Creek, 26; Pullman, Ill., 27; Chicago, 29, two weeks.

Cora Van Tassell: Hornellsville, N. Y., 29.

Clayburgh's Creole Co.: Lawrence, Kas., 25; Topeka, 26, 27.

Clarke's Monte Cristo Co.. New Britain, Ct., 24, 25; Waterbury, 27.

Clifford Co: Springfield, Mo., Jan. 1.

Dion Boucicault: Boston, Dec. 15, five weeks.

Dixey-Rice Burlesque Co: N. Y. City, Nov. 20—indefinite season.

Dore Davidson's Co.: Chicago, 22, week.

Dickson's Sketch Club: Fort Wayne, Ind., 25, 26.

Denman Thompson: Springfield, Mass. 25; Northampton, 26; Holyoke, 27; Westfield, 29; Hartford, 30; Naugatuck, 31; New Haven, Jan. 1, 2, 3.

Downing's Tally-Ho Co.: Orange, N. J., 25; Hudson, N. Y., 26; Cohoes, 27; Pittsfield, Mass., 29; Holyoke, 30; Lowell, 31, Jan. 1; Lawrence, 2; Fitchburg, 3; Brooklyn, 5, week.

Daly's Pique Co.: Brooklyn, 29, week.

Devil's Auction: Philadelphia, 22, week; Baltimore, 29, week; Brooklyn, Jan. 12, week.

Dan Sully's Corner Grocery: Galveston, 25, 26; New Orleans, 29, week.

Dominick Murray: Salem, Mass., 25; Manchester, 26; Lynn, 27; Brockton, 29; Chelsea, 30; Fall River, 31; Providence, Jan. 1, 2, 3; Philadelphia, 5, week.

Dalys' Vacation Co.: Council Bluffs, Ia., 25; Grand Island, Neb., 26; Cheyenne, W. T., 27; Denver, 29, week; San Francisco, Jan. 19, two weeks.

Edwin Booth: N. Y. City, Jan. 5.

Evans and Hoey: Rochester, 25, 26, 27; Indianapolis, Jan. 1, 2, 3; Cincinnati, 4, week.

Earle Dramatic Co.: Zionsville, Ind., 22, week; Morristown, 29, week.

Fanny Davenport: N. Y. City, 22, week; Philadelphia, Jan. 5, two weeks; Brooklyn, 19, week.

Florences: Albany, 24, 25, 26, 27; Baltimore, 29, week; Washington, Jan. 5, week; Philadelphia, 12, week.

Frank Mayo: Minneapolis, 22, week; St. Paul, 29, week; Stillwater, Jan. 5; Winona, 6; Cedar Rapids, 7, 8; Marshalltown, 9, 10; Des Moines, 12, 13, 14.

Frank Girard's Co.: Williamsburg, Jan. 5, week; Poughkeepsie, N. Y., 12; Hudson, 13; Troy, 14, 15; Albany, 16, 17; Cohoes, 19; Utica, 20; Oswego, 21; Syracuse, 23.

Fred. Warde: Pittston, Pa., 25; Carbondale, 26; Plymouth, 27; Wilkesbarre, 29; Binghamton, N. Y., 30.

Grace Hawthorne: St. Cedar Rapids, Ia., 26.

Gus Williams (J. H. Robb, manager): New York City, 22, week; Brooklyn, 29, week; Boston, Jan. 5, week; N. Y. City, 12, week.

George C. Miln: Denver, 22, week; Trinidad, Col., 29; Las Vegas, N. M., 30; Santa Fe, 31, Jan. 1; Albuquerque, 2, 3; El Paso, 5; Colorado, 6, 7; Wetherford, 8; Fort Worth, 9, 10; Dallas, 12, 13; Cleburne, 14; Waco, 15; Austin, 16, 17, Galveston, 19, 20; Houston, 21, 22; Beaumont, 23, 21.

Gill and Arthur's Comedy Co.: Warren, Pa., 25; Erie, 26, 27; Titusville, 29; Oil City, Jan. 1; Steubenville, O., 3; Wheeling, W. Va., 5; Newcastle, Pa. 6; Youngstown, O., 7; Canton, 8; Akron, 9.

Grismer Co.: Portland, Ore., Dec. 15, three weeks.

Grotesque Comedy Co. (Smith, Cronin, etc.): New Haven, 22, week; Scranton, Pa., 29; Rochester, 30, 31.

Harrigan and Hart's Travelling Co.: Cincinnati, 22, week; Indianapolis, 29, week; St. Louis, Jan. 5, week; Chicago, 12, two weeks.

Hill's People's Theatre Co.: Canandaigua, N. Y. 29, week.

Hanlons: Baltimore, 22, week; Washington, 29, week; Wilmington, Jan. 5, 6; Reading, Pa., 7; Bethlehem, 8; Pittston, 9; Wilkesbarre, 10; Philadelphia, 12, week; N. Y. City, 19, week; Brooklyn, 26, week.

Harrison-Gourlay Co.: St. Louis, 22, week; Chicago, 29, week.

Helene Jennings: Brooklyn, 22, week; Philadelphia, 29, week; Baltimore, Jan. 5, week.

Henry Irving: Pittsburg, 22, week; Cleveland, 29, 30; Detroit, Jan. 2, 3; Chicago, 8, four weeks; Washington, Feb. 5, week; Philadelphia, 9, week; Boston, 16, two weeks; Brooklyn, March 2, week; N. Y. City, March 9, four weeks—close.

Henry T. Chanfrau: Harrisburg, Pa., 25, 26; Wilmington, Del., 27.

Her Last Hope Co.: Johnstown, Pa., 24, 25; Altoona, 26, 27; Harrisburg, 29, 30; Jersey, 31, Jan. 1.

Hanlons' Fantasma Co.: Philadelphia, 22, twoweeks; Hoop of Gold Co.: Chicago, 22, week; Cincinnati, 29, week; Louisville, Jan. 5, week.

Herne's Hearts of Oak: New Haven, 23, 26, 27; N. Y. City, 29, week.

Her Atonement Co.: Lynn, Mass., 25; Fall River, 27; Chelsea, 29; Gloucester, 30; Newburyport, 31; Haverhill, Jan. 1; Worcester, 2, 3; Troy, N. Y., 5, 6; Albany, 8, 9, 10; Boston, 12, week.

In the Ranks Co.: Baltimore, 22, week; Washington, 29, week; Philadelphia, Jan. 5, week; Indianapolis, 12, 13, 14.

J. K. Emmet: Madison, Wis., 31.

Janish: Louisville, 22, week; Jackson, Mich., Jan. 3.

Janauschek: Cincinnati, 22, week.

Joseph Murphy: Chicago, 15, two weeks; Oshkosh, Wis., 30; Madison, Jan. 2.

John S. Murphy (Kerry Gow): Lima, O., 25; Hamilton, 26; Richmond, Ind., 27; Connersville, 29; Anderson, 30; Muncie, 31; Peru, Jan. 2; Wabash, 3; Warsaw, 4; Elkhart, 5; Sturgis, Mich., 6; Coldwater, 7; Hillsdale, 8; Muncie, 9.

John T. Raymond: N. Y. City, 13, two weeks; Boston, 29, week.

J. Z. Little's World Co: Williamsport, Pa., 25; Lock Haven, 26; Phillipsburg, 27; Huntington, 29; Altoona, 30; Bradford, 31; McKeesport, Jan. 2.

J. H. Keane: Louisville, 22, week.

Jacques Kruger (Dreams): Buffalo, 22, week; Rochester, 29, 30; Troy, Jan. 1, 2, 3.

Knights (Mr. and Mrs. George S.): Harlem, 22, week; N. Y. City, 29, week.

Kate Claxton: Pittston, Pa., 26; Auburn, 29; Utica, 30; Oswego, 31; Syracuse, Jan. 1, 2, 3; Detroit, 5, 6, 7; Toledo, 8; Adrian, Mich., 9; Coldwater, 10; Chicago, 12, week; St. Louis, 29, week.

Kate Castleton: Helena, Mont., 24 to 27; Bozeman, 29, 30; Livingston, Jan. 1.

Kendall Dramatic Co.: Fresno, Cal., 22, week; Riverside, 29, week.

Kittie Rhoades: Brunswick, Ga., Jan. 2, 3; Fernandina, Fla., 5, 6; Jacksonville, 7, 8.

Kiralfys' Spectacular Co.: New Orleans, 8, six weeks.

Kiralfys' Excelsior: Boston, 22, two weeks.

Lawrence Barrett: Philadelphia, 22, two weeks; N. Y. City, Jan. 5, six weeks.

Lights o' London (Eastern): Bradford, Pa., 25, 26, 27; Jamestown, N. Y., 29, 30; Warren, Pa., 31, Jan. 1; Erie, 2, 3; Newark, O., 5; Fostoria, 6; Findlay, 7; Lima, 8; Adrian, Mich., 9, 10.

Lights o' London (Western): Peru, Ind., 24, 25; Crawfordsville, 26, 27; Dubuque, Ia., 31, Jan. 1.

Lynwood Co.: Williamsburg 22, week; Philadelphia, 29, week.

Lynwood Co. No. 2: Lawrence, Kas., 25; Topeka, 26, 27.

Lynwood Co. No. 3: Troy, 25, 26, 27; Albany, Jan. 1, 2, 3.

Lizzie May Ulmer: Burlington, Ia., 25; Des Moines, 26, 27; St. Joe, Mo., 29, 30, 31; Sedalia, Jan. 1; Leavenworth, Kas., 5; Atchison, 6; Kansas City, 7, 8, 9, 10.

Lizzie Evans: Kansas City, 25, 26, 27; Leavenworth, Kas., 29, 30; St. Joe, 31, Jan. 1; Plattsmouth, Neb., 2; Council Bluffs, Ia., 3; Lincoln, Neb., 5; Nebraska City, 6; Lawrence, Kas., 7; Ottawa, 8; Topeka, 9, 10.

Louis Aldrich (My Partner): New Orleans, 22, week.

Louise Sylvester: Freeport, 25, 26; Kankakee, 27; Michigan City, Ind., 29; Kalamazoo, Mich., 30; Grand Rapids, 31, Jan. 2.

Lotta: Providence, 15, week; Brooklyn, 22, week; Baltimore, 29, week.

Leopolds: N. Y. City, 22, week; New Britain, Ct., 29; Meriden, 30; Bridgeport, 31; New Haven, Jan. 1, 2, 3; Philadelphia, 5, week.

M. B. Curtis: Cleveland, 22, week; Akron, 29; Springfield, 30; Richmond, Ind., 31; Indianapolis, Jan. 2, 3; St. Louis, 5, week.

Madison Square Called Back Co. (R. B. Mantell): N. Y. City, 22, week; Philadelphia, 29, week; Brooklyn, Jan. 5, week.

Madison Square May Blossom Co.: St. Louis, 22, week; Chicago, 26, two weeks.

Madison Square Private Secretary Co. (N. J. Long): San Francisco, 15, week.

Madison Square Young Mrs. Winthrop Co.: Boston, 22, week; Brooklyn, Jan. 12, week; Philadelphia, 29, week.

Milton Nobles: Sherman, Tex., 25; Ft. Worth, 26; Denison, 27; Dallas, 29, 30, Jan. 1, 2, 3; San Antonio, 5; Austin, 6, 7; Houston, 8, 9; New Orleans, 12, week.

Minnie Maddern: Detroit, 22, 23, 24; Toledo, 25, 26, 27; Jackson, Mich., 29; Battle Creek, 30; E. Saginaw, 31; Bay City, Jan. 1; Grand Rapids, 2, 3.

Monte Cristo Co. (Stetson's): New Orleans, 22, two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin: Poughkeepsie, N. Y., 25; Fall River, Mass., Jan. 1.

Margaret Mather: Chicago, 22, week; Williamsburg, Jan. 5, week.

Mattie Vickers: Little Rock, Ark., 25; Hot Springs, 26; Texarkana, 27; Marshall, Tex., 29; Shreveport, La., 30; Vicksburg, Miss., 31, Jan. 1; Jackson, 2; Canton, 3; Meridian, 5; Tuscaloosa, Ala., 6; Birmingham, 7; Selma, 8; Mobile, 9, 10; New Orleans, 12, week.

Maggie Mitchell: Cincinnati, 22, two weeks; Xenia, O., Jan. 5; Dayton, 6; Springfield, 7; Urbana, 8; Toledo, 9, 10; Sandusky, 12; Mansfield, 13; Columbus, 14, Zanesville, 15; Wheeling, W. Va., 17; Pittsburg, 19, week; Washington, 29, two weeks.

Michel Strogoff Co.: Indianapolis, 22, week; Cincinnati, 29, week.

Muggs' Landing Co.: E. Saginaw, Mich., 25; Bay City, 26; Port Huron, 27; Flint, 29; Ypsilanti, 30; Ann Arbor, 31; Kalamazoo, Jan. 2; Fort Wayne, Ind., 2, 3, Springfield, O., 5.

Mestayer's We, Us & Co.: Chicago, 22, week; N. Y. City, 29, three weeks.

Maude Atkinson Co.: Fort Smith, Ark., 22, week; Springfield, Mo., 31 to Jan. 3.

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